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FAME.

Clad with the moss of gathering years,
The stone of fame shall moulder down,
Long dried from soft affection's tears,
Its place unheeded and unknown.

Ah! who would strive for fame that flies
Like forms of mist before the gale?
Renown but breathes before it dies—
A meteor's path! an idiot's tale!

Beneath retirement's sheltered wing,
From mad conflicting clouds remote,
Beside some grove encircled spring,
Let wisdom build your humble cot?

There clasp your fair one to your breast,
Your eyes impearled with transport's tear,
By turns caressing and caress,—
Your infant prattlers sporting near.

Content your humble board shall dress,
And poverty shall guard your door,—
Of wealth and fame, if you have less
Than monarchs, you of bliss have more.

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND;

OR,

THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

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CHAPTER III.

VESTA.

A fever of excitement and expectation raged among the young Conistons, as the Christmas holidays approached. School-room and nursery became the scenes of confusion and premature frolic—in the drawing-room and around the table there were whispered conferences, and the interchange by mysterious Masonic signs, of secret plans and anticipations. Philip and his grave tutor alone were philosophically calm and indifferent. They still studied and read, and had their quiet walks and talks, undisturbed by the merry uproar, the giddy clamor, the topsy-turvy condition of their little world. They had really nothing to look forward to—no lot, nor portion in the social pleasures and joy of that blessed season. Though Sir Ralph had said that Philip should be as one of his own, and though there had been no gross partiality shown, no obvious injustice done, yet there was a line of demarcation drawn between him and his cousins—something to be rather *felt* than seen—something shadowy, indefinable, but bitterly real to the proud and sensitive heart of the boy.

He had been quite unmoved by the arrival of his Cousin Harold, a handsome, loud-voiced, lordly young man, in his second collegiate year. Harold's vacations heretofore had been anything but pleasant and refreshing seasons to Philip, whose delicate, almost feminine, face and figure, shy manners and studious habits, and perhaps more than all, dependent position, rendered him a tempting butt for his haughty, self-willed and self-indulgent cousin. Philip never failed quietly but sturdily to resent and rebel against these periodic reigns of tyranny; but Harold was several years his senior, a youth of Herculean proportions, and the battle in this case was invariably to the strong. Yet Philip, though overcome, was never cowed; there was pluck in him to the last, which forced even his tyrant to respect him, and to feel a sort of dull shame of his own brute strength. At Oxford, however, young Coniston had found it expedient to drop the bully, and to put on, in outward seeming at least—the gentleman,—and Philip had not now to apprehend his former course of offensive warfare, in support of insulting assertions of superiority, social and physical.

On the day of the important arrival of the heir, Philip sat with his beloved tutor, in the library, near the window, to catch the dim light of a foggy December day, and between them reclined a friend, dear to the souls of both—"Plato, the divine one." They were reading together—their voices blended and became as one voice. Upon the quiet of this high commu nion broke the rattle of a carriage, which came whirling up the avenue. It drew up to the great entrance in dashing style. Then followed the graceful little duties of the footman—the Mercury-like descent from the rumble, the flinging open of the door, the down-letting of the steps—all performed with the fond *empressement* of accomplished flunkeyism.

Philip paused a moment and looked out. He saw his cousin slowly descend from the carriage and lazily stretch himself. His dress was inclined to the flash style, his air was fast, and his hair elaborately curled and Macassared.

"How disdiscal he has grown!" said Philip, sinking back in his seat and going on with his Greek.

Hardly had the tumult of this arrival died away in the hall below, than a second carriage rolled up from the park gates, more quietly than the first, but with a certain solid aristocratic rumble which sufficiently distinguished it from the loose-jointed, irresponsible rattle of a cab, or hackney-coach. It was what its sound proclaimed it—a plain, but elegant travelling carriage.

"Who's come now?" asked Philip, in a tone half of curiosity, half of annoyance, as he again turned from Plato to the window. A solemn old footman stood at the carriage-door, hat in hand, awaiting the descent of the visitors. First came an elderly lady, richly dressed in velvet and furs—then sprang out a young girl, slight and tall, quick, yet singularly graceful in her movements. She was followed by a dark, pale, young (by complaisance) woman, who looked sad and subdued, and whom Philip took for the governess, and was not mistaken.

Before ascending the lofty steps, the young girl looked up, as though to take a full view of the noble old Hall. Then Philip saw her face. It was hardly pretty, but it was very striking—a spirited, piquant, charming face. It was fair, with but little color,—the eyes were nearly black, with dark eye brows—yet the hair, of which there was a profusion, was light, almost flaxen;—the nose was fine, the only absolutely perfect feature of the face—the mouth was delicate, but rather mocking than tender in its expression.

"That must be your cousin, Miss Lancaster, and her grand-mother, the dowager Countess of Egerton," said Mr. Gregory. "I heard Sir Ralph say that he looked for them, at the Holidays."

"Oh, that must have been what Herbert and Georgiana were whispering about all day yesterday—just as though I cared!" said Philip, vexed in spite of himself, at not having been better informed in regard to the little domestic event, and conceiving on the instant, a most unreasonable dislike of the aristocratic visitor whom his cousins wished to keep so exclusively to themselves.

At dinner, Philip again saw his uncle's guests, but he sat below them, and, as usual, below the salt, and no one thought of making him known to his fair cousin, the daughter of the beloved and only sister of his father.

In the evening Philip and his tutor came into the drawing-room for a short time, according to their habit, when both were honored with a presentation to the stately Countess and her grand-daughter. The boy said nothing, as evidently nothing was expected of him—the lady gave him merely a stare of momentary curiosity—the young girl a glance of surprise, which deepened into a look of kindly interest. With a shy smile she extended her hand—Philip did not see it till it was too late to take it—then confused and annoyed he shrank away to a distant window-seat, and looked out upon the night. He felt, as at all such times, the social gulf, the impassable glacier between him and his grand kinsfolk. Their ways were not his ways, their thoughts not his thoughts, their joys not his joys. He heard their voices now, but took no note of their words, or the subject of their conversation. The sharp, metallic tones of his aunt as ever irritated him—they rasped his nerves—but the dry, unsympathetic, high-bred voices of Sir Ralph and of Lady Egerton chilled his young blood. The richly furnished and brilliantly lighted drawing-room looked cold and dreary to him—he strained his gaze out into the dark toward Woolham—he comforted his heart with the thought of the cozy little parlor at his grandfather's, where love was. As he stood thus, a strange mist gathered in his eyes, and his heart shrank with a numb and nameless pain, which his pride forbade him to recognize as home sickness. Just then, a burst of merry laughter, not too loud, but silvery clear, the music of a happy heart, startled him, and ere he was aware, drew him partly from his shadowy retreat.

"That's Annan at least," thought he, "the girl is something beside a little fine lady, after all. Why, my mother used to laugh so."

"Vesta! Vesta! you are getting really rude in your merriment—you laugh like a rustic—quite too loud, my child."

The young girl received her grandmamma's reproof respectfully, but Philip was glad to see that she did not look penitent. She caught his eye, and seeing that it had both softened and brightened toward her, walked to the window and began talking to him with the natural freedom of a pretty and clever child.

"They say," she began, "you are my cousin—my Uncle Philip's son. It's odd that I never heard of you before, or of my Uncle Philip either."

Philip colored, as he replied somewhat bitterly—

"You would hardly be likely to hear of us from my father's family, Miss Lancaster."

"Ah, now, please don't 'Miss Lancaster' me! It is not only 'less than kind,' but 'less than kin.' Call me Vesta, Cousin Vesta. Isn't it a queer name, and don't I look uncommonly like a goddess!"

"It is a singular name," said Philip, smiling at her frankness, "but I like it, and am quite ready to acknowledge your divinity. I will go and sacrifice a pair of doves, or something of that sort, immediately."

"Oh, no—only do as I tell you—'obedience is better than sacrifice,' you know. Only call me Vesta, for something tells me that we shall get on together nicely, and be excellent friends in time."

"Well, Vesta, Cousin Vesta," replied Philip, half frankly, half mockingly, "let me give you a bit of friendly advice, in the first place:—Cultivate the acquaintance of your other cousins Coniston, rather than mine. They are of your kind, you know—I am only that forlornest and most unserviceable of mortals, a poor relation—no credit, no worth, nothing to anybody. I am not entertaining, or even obliging—I am not good company, I am not in the least amiable."

"I don't care—you are clever, and I like you already better than any of them," replied Vesta in a low tone, indicating with a slight side-toss of her head, her cousins Harold, Hubert, and Georgiana, who were observing her animated talk with Philip curiously and somewhat jealously.

"I take thee at thy word" said Philip, bending before her, "and if it be not too late, I will now take the hand which I omitted to take in the confusion of the grand presentation."

Thus lightly began a friendship, which, in spite of inequalities of fortune, marked differences of character—the opposition and interference of others and long separations, continued true and warm through the years of girlhood and boyhood, and was destined to mark and mould the after lives of the woman and the man.

Very early Philip had shown a remarkable talent and love for art. In his own mind he had already decided upon painting as the profession for which he was best fitted. But he had revealed to no one this passion, this resolve. Fearing to give pain to his mother by his choice of so unpromising a calling, he had concealed even from her his plans for the future. His young cousin and new friend was the first one to whom he confided his ardent artistic hopes and aspirations.

He was rather surprised into this confidence by finding Vesta early one morning, copying in crayons, the head of the Venus of Milo, which stood in the library.

Philip, from his somewhat misanthropic shyness, perhaps, had little taste for portraiture—he preferred the face of Nature to "the human face divine;" he used to affirm that he found more humanity and more divinity in it. Its exhaustless variety, and its grand repose both stimulated and satisfied him. Heathery steeps, daisied dells, sleeping lakes cradled among the hills, rock and strand, cascade and stream, dark, wooded gorges, sunny upland slopes—the innumerable marvels of earth and sky, unseen by common or careless eyes—these were the beloved subjects of his pencil. Yet he was pleased when he found Vesta at her unchildlike, morning work, delineating with an admiring, absorbed look, and delicate loving touches the features of that sweet, grand face, which has arisen from the dust of ages to tell us of a lost type of beauty, as exhumed cities tell of a lost civilization. He saw that though the drawing was crude and faulty, it was strong, and marked by true feeling. The little amateur had caught the peculiar spirit of the original—that mature, majestic womanhood, that grand, matronly repose which makes the room in which stands the rudest copy of this glorious figure, a royal presence chamber.

After pointing out a few obvious defects in the drawing, Philip asked,

"Why do you attempt a head like this, Cousin Vesta? It were a study for a great artist; for, almost colossal as are its proportions, its delicacy is marvellous. Its beauty is as subtle as it is lofty. Why not, if you are fond of your sister goddesses, try your hand on that little Medician Venus? That is simply lovely, an exquisite flower of sculpture."

"Why, Cousin Philip," replied Vesta, warmly, "I would rather fail a thousand times, fail *always*, on this, than make ever so perfect a copy of that."

"Why so?"

"Because, it seems to me, one must *grow* more, infinitely more, in studying such a face as this, so lovable, yet so supernal. Why, Cousin Philip, do you know I fancy the Madonna must have looked far more like this Milo Venus than like the sleepy-eyed, lambkin-faced Virgins of many of the old painters?"

"Why, Vesta, you little heathen—I am shocked at you!"

"I see you are, immensely."

Philip laughed, but under the impulse of a newly-discovered sympathy, brought forth his portfolio of drawings, and spoke freely of his beloved art.

Vesta examined the drawings, and received the confidence with the eager enthusiasm of a clever child-woman.

"Oh, yes, do be an artist, Cousin Philip!" she cried. "It is the noblest, the loftiest of professions. It seems to me that artists are the only true pupils of the Creator; at least the only men who, in their *intellectual* works, follow Him. Only think of the divine Raphael, and of Michael Angelo—the Archangel of Art! Hadn't you rather be either one of these than—than—the Duke of Wellington?"

"Don't be extravagant, child," said Philip, with a comical smile.

Vesta, not noticing this, proceeded,

"But you don't do figures—well, then, think of Turner. The Prospero of painters, I call him—he has such dominion over the elements. Who knows but you may be as famous as he, some day?"

Philip smiled, not comically, but wisely and deprecatingly, this time. Yet, nevertheless, the words sank into his heart, and strengthened its secret passion.

The Christmas festivities at Coniston Hall were to commence with a juvenile ball, in honor of the Baronet's young niece.

Vesta felt at first a child's natural delight and excitement in the anticipated event; but she soon wearied of her Cousin Georgiana's flutter and chatter, of the fussy preparation of her maid, of the sage and severe counselings of her grandmamma. So annoying did these things become on the important day, that toward evening she was glad to escape from them for a little run in the park, with Philip's young stag-hound, of which she had made a pet.

A strong, gusty wind was blowing—swaying and tossing the great branches of the grand old oaks and lordly chestnuts, and stripping them of their last withered leaves, which it sent whirling and eddying through the air, and drifting over the crisp, brown turf.

But Vesta had strength and spirit to oppose to the force and fitful fury of the wind. She exulted in facing and defying it. Her warm, bounding blood was proof against its keen northern chill. The gathering gloom of the hour, and the decay of the season, cast no shadows on her cheerful, sunny heart. She was already on the lookout for stars, and as her small, light feet flew over the withered leaves and crisp, brown turf, her fancy was busy in painting the cowslips and violets of spring.

As Vesta returned toward the Hall, she met her Cousin Philip on the lawn, waiting to bid her good-night. Philip was unusually happy—not in the prospect of a ball, but of two whole days to be spent with his mother. Thus was he to celebrate his Christmas.

Vesta was a good deal sorry and a little vexed to hear that he was not to be at the ball—*her* ball. She would not take his oftimes tendered adieux, but detained him with expostulations, and a very pretty and ingenious piece of special pleading.

The cousins stood within the shelter of a southern turret. It was the oldest part of the mansion, and the wall was covered to its utmost height with a perfect network of ivy and climbing roses.

As the two stood there in playful conversation, Vesta suddenly gave a little cry of delight, and pointed eagerly upward. By one of those floral miracles which all have at some time witnessed, the rose-tree had burst forth into flower. A branch of fresh leaves and vivid crimson roses crowned the topmost spray.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Vesta, "and what does it mean? Has summer repented, and is she coming back? How strange they should bloom just now! Perhaps, Philip, it is in honor of the season, or in memory of *Him*; He was called 'The Rose of Sharon,' you know."

Thus much the poet and the Christian philosopher;—the embryo-woman, the chrysalis-beauty added—"How I should like that wonderful bouquet to wear in my hair to-night!"

"And you shall have it," said Philip, seizing hold of an ivy-vine, and beginning to climb toward the point where the single blossoming spray tossed and fluttered like a red pennon in the wild north wind.

"Oh don't, Cousin Philip—don't go any farther!" cried Vesta, "I would not have you risk your neck in that way for the Pope's *golden rose*."

But her feminine fears and affectionate entreaties only inspired Philip with gallantry and resolution. Though usually no climber, he ran up the turret on that frail ladder of vines, as a sailor-boy climbs the shrouds.

To reach the spray of roses, he was obliged to swing quite clear of the wall. He grasped the prize, and was about to descend, as he had ascended, when the ivy which supported him, gave way under his weight, let go its hold of years on the stones above him, and without an instant's warning the mad young Knight Errant fell to the ground. He held fast with one hand to the vine he had torn away from the turret, and took it down with him. This broke the fall somewhat, or he might have been killed. As it was, he was stunned and severely bruised, and when, after some minutes, he attempted to walk, by the aid of a servant whom Vesta had promptly summoned, he found that he had sustained yet more serious injury. He had in fact, badly fractured the bones of his right ankle. More help was called, and the poor boy was carried into the house. He was at first taken into the library, his pain being too great to allow of his ascending to his chamber—and a surgeon was sent for.

As the news of poor Philip's accident spread through the house, the family soon gathered around him with a decent show of concern. He was deathly pale, and suffered horribly, but uttered no word of unmanly complaint. After some time, it was noticed that he held the miraculous and misfortunate bunch of roses still tightly grasped in his hand. He noticed it at length, and with a faint smile gave it to Vesta. That poor sin-convicted child burst into tears, and sobbed out—

"Oh, dear Cousin Philip, can you ever forgive me for saying that I wanted those flowers. It was so silly of me, when there were plenty of roses in the conservatory."

"But not 'miracle-roses,' like these," said Philip, in a low tone; "never mind the hurt, cousin—I have only to blame my own carelessness. You will wear my trophy in your hair to-night—won't you, Vesta?"

"The roses—oh, yes—if I go into the ball-room at all. I don't think I shall, though. I will keep them, at all events, and always. And Cousin Philip, is there anything I can do for you now? I want to do something, to keep me from being quite miserable."

"Well, yes, thank you. If it is not too late, and if you would not be afraid, you may run down through the park to the great gate. You will find my mother there, waiting for me. Tell her why I don't come. Tell her gently, as you will know how, so as not to alarm her. Say I cannot come home till the surgeon has examined my ankle. Say I hope it will not prove a very serious hurt. If you go, you had better take Bran with you."

"*If* I go! As though there could be any doubt of my going! I'm off like Puck," replied Vesta, with a brave attempt at playfulness.

She stole out quickly, asking leave of no one, and took the shortest way toward poor Philip's trysting-place. The wind was higher and keener than during her evening walk; but she minded it even less than then. Wrapping her cloak of shepherd's plaid about her, she ran over the crisp, brown turf and scudding leaves like a hunted hare. Just outside the gate she found Mrs. Coniston, hurriedly walking up and down, to allay her impatience and keep off the chill of the blustering night.

"Ah, Philip!" cried Amy, half joyfully, half reproachfully, as Vesta appeared in the gateway, preceded by Bran.

"It is not Philip. It is only I—his cousin, Vesta Lancaster," said the child, sadly. "He cannot come to-night; because—he—has—had—a—fall."

"A fall! Oh, Heaven! is he much hurt?"

"Yes, madam—that is, no, madam—at least I hope not. It is only his ankle, I believe. They have sent for the surgeon to set it. I hope he will make it as sound as ever—soon. If he cannot, I shall never be happy again—I shall never forgive myself." And the child who was to have been so courageous, relapsed into sobs.

"Ah, why so, my dear?" asked Mrs. Coniston, in surprise.

"Because, madam, it was all for my sake he got hurt. I was foolish enough to want a bunch of roses, just because they were out of reach and out of season, I suppose; and he climbed the south turret for them, by the ivy, which gave way at the top, and he fell. I tried to catch him before he reached the ground, but I could not."

"I will return with you to the Hall," said Amy, with sudden resolution. "I must see just how much he is injured, and *I* must nurse him if he be ill."

When Mrs. Coniston entered the library, where Philip was still lying, the lad uttered an exclamation of joy, and threw up his arms to embrace her. Sir Ralph, who was present, looked surprised, but not altogether displeased. He knew that some one must be with his nephew while the surgeon, who had just arrived, should examine and set the fractured limb, and he was not sorry that the painful duty would devolve upon another than himself.

"I know that I have broken my *parole*, Sir Ralph, yet I trust that you will admit that the transgression was both natural and pardonable," said Amy, calmly, yet not without a secret apprehension.

"Certainly, madam—this is an exceptional circumstance; and none so fit as a mother to attend upon a child at such a time, I freely admit."

"I am glad that you think so, Sir Ralph, for I am afraid that I must insist upon attending upon Philip as long as he shall need a sick-room nurse," replied Amy, quietly.

The Baronet looked embarrassed at this, but his face cleared up as the fair plebeian added, "I shall of course remain at the Hall merely and strictly as a nurse, confining myself to the apartment of my son."

Sir Ralph bowed stiffly, and after a few words with the surgeon, left the room.

Philip looked after him with flashing eyes, and an indignant flush in the cheek so deathly pale a moment before: then taking the hand of his beautiful mother, he raised it reverently to his lips.

Immediately after this, the poor lad was removed to his chamber, where the surgeon proceeded to set the fractured ankle and bind up the bruised foot. Then after having administered a composing draught, and complimented his patient on his fortitude, he left him to the tender ministrations of his mother.

Philip had borne the painful operation in a manner not only to elicit the hearty praise of the medical man, but to extract a few words of frigid commendation from his uncle, Sir Ralph, who dropped in for a moment, just as all was over; but when he was left quite alone with his loving nurse, he "let himself down a peg," and indulged himself in the luxury of a little complaint. "Oh, mother," he said, "it hurt me horribly. For a while, that good doctor seemed to me like some infernal familiar of the Inquisition, who was racking and rending me, rather than seeking to mend me and plaster me up. It seemed that hours of agony were packed into a second of time."

"I know it, my dear boy; I felt all your pain in my own heart. I am broken and bruised with you, darling."

"Well, I hope you wont have a lasting spiritual limp to keep pace with mine," replied Philip, with a wry face.

"Nonsense! You'll get all over this without the mildest suggestion of a limp," said Amy, cheerily; but added, "still I am afraid I cannot soon forgive the thoughtless girl who brought all this suffering upon you, for a silly whim."

"Oh, mother, don't blame her. It was my own fool-hardiness. She begged me to desist, as soon as she saw my purpose. Vesta is a right noble girl, mother."

Just at this moment there came a timid little knock at the door. Mrs. Coniston opened it, and on the threshold stood Vesta, arrayed for the ball.

"May I come in?" she asked softly.

"Yes, certainly," replied Amy, smiling in spite of herself on the offender, whose face wore anything but a festive look, being pale and sad to tearfulness.

Vesta stepped lightly in, and stole to the bedside of Philip. "They made me dress for the ball," she said, "but I have no heart for it; I would rather a thousand, thousand times, stay here with you, Cousin Philip. Has not the doctor made your ankle all right? and won't you be able to walk a little to-morrow?"

"Not quite so soon as that," said Philip, smiling, yet at the same instant wincing with pain; "but I am better, and think I shall get along nicely, without doubt. I see you wear the roses—thank you."

Vesta was dressed very simply in a plain white India muslin, and the memorable spray of crimson roses pendant from her hair, was the sole ornament she wore.

"Yes," she replied, with a merry gleam of her pearly teeth, "I wear them, but I have had a gallant struggle for it. Nanette insisted that blue ribbons were better suited to my age and complexion, and got grandmamma on her side; but I was firm—'obstinate' they called it—and carried my point at last—a delightful circumstance in itself. But I must go now, or they'll be sending for me. I'll steal away from them again to-night, and come to see how you are getting on. So good-bye, for a little while. Adieu, madam. Can you ever forgive me for the foolish freak for which poor Philip pays so dearly?"

The mother's answer to this appeal, made in the most touching manner, was a smile and a loving kiss pressed upon the tremulous red lips of the charming young girl. Thenceforth these two were friends.

Soon from the ball-room came up the softened strains of merry waltz music, and even the sound of the light foot-falls of the happy dancers reached the chamber of the invalid. He was not troubled with any boyish longing to mingle in the amusements of his cousins, but the sounds of revelry were anything but soothing to his nerves. He tossed in pain and restlessness till long after the ball was over, and the tired young revellers had driven home with their mammas.

Vesta was not, as had been expected, the belle of the ball. Her face lacked the animation, without which it was almost plain. Her gaiety was fitful, her manner absent—her heart would not dance with her feet, and even her fairy young feet moved all too languidly.

"See that little Belgravian," said one of the county ladies to another, "what airs she takes on, to be sure! She is actually absent, *ennuyée*—at fourteen. At this rate she will be *blasée* at eighteen.

"A young girl *blasée*!—horrid thought!"

So clearly we see—so wisely, so tenderly we judge one another!

In the morning, Dr. Arnold, the surgeon, found his patient scarcely so well as he had hoped. There were symptoms of fever, which it was proved could not be averted. Philip was ill for several weeks, not very dangerously, but requiring constant medical attendance and the most careful nursing. During all this time his mother remained with him—his only nurse—wise, tender and unwearied. She took her meals in his chamber, or in her own room, which was adjoining. She slept, what little sleep she indulged herself in, on a lounge, by his bedside. She never visited the drawing-room or the library, and had but the most distant and formal relations with Sir Ralph and his family. Lady Coniston she saw but once, and then by accident. The two sisters-in-law met on the landing of the great staircase. The *lady* looked at her guest with that steady, dull, regardless gaze which is the very essence of supercilliousness—the *woman* returned a glance of noble pride, lofty, but gentle, the assertion of equality, and more. The lady's eyes fell first, and her haughty head bowed in involuntary respect. Then she recovered herself, and swept up the stairs, as though ascending to some higher native element.

Mrs. Coniston was really only known to the doctor, the tutor and the housekeeper, a kindly and intelligent woman. She never left the Hall, except for a little walk in the shrubberies, or a hurried visit once a week to Woolham, to see that all went well with her aged parents.

For the week succeeding Philip's accident, his chamber was brightened by frequent visits from his cousin Vesta. However low and ill the poor lad was feeling, he always revived at that fair apparition—he had always a happy smile and a cheerful word for her.

At length the young girl came, with a sorrowful face, and wet, drooping eyelids, to say adieu. The Dowager Lady Egerton had fixed on the following morning for their departure, and no remonstrances or entreaties could move that most methodical and impassive of grandmammas to a farther delay.

"I don't know when I shall see you again, Cousin Philip," said Vesta, as they were about parting, "but I feel sure that we shall meet some time, and that we shall always be friends. You will be a great artist some day, and of course you will come to London to paint and to exhibit your pictures."

Philip smiled doubtingly, yet clasped closer the little hand confided so innocently to his.—Vesta continued,

"I have pressed those roses, Philip, in a prayer-book that was mamma's. I promise you to keep them always—all but this one, which I thought perhaps you would like to keep."

"Thank you, Cousin Vesta," replied Philip, taking the withered flower, "I will gladly treasure it up, not in remembrance of my awkwardness and ill-luck, but of your goodness to me in my illness, and because you have worn it in your beautiful hair."

Vesta colored, with a vague, sweet, prophetic emotion, and stammered a little, as she added,

"And, Cousin Philip, I want you to promise me that, if at any time in your future life, while I live, you want me to do anything for you or anybody you love, you will send me that rose. I will grant your wish, if it be in my power, or I will come to you, if you ask it. Will you promise me?"

"Why, cousin mine," said Philip, laughing, "you must have been reading the story of Queen Bess and the fiery Earl of Essex. However, I promise—I pledge you my word, in honor and sincerity. This may prove a

rose, more potent than any royal ring—who knows!"

Vesta smiled innocently—then sighed as innocently.

"Well, I must say good-bye," she said. "Be very, very prudent, and get well soon. Good-bye, my dear aunt—I do hope we shall meet again."

This, to Amy, who, never before having been addressed by any of her husband's relatives but in the most formal manner, as "Mrs. Coniston," flushed with surprise and pleasure, and tenderly embraced the frank, warm-hearted girl, murmuring over her a fervent, motherly blessing. She followed Vesta to the door, and looked after her light form, as it flitted down the corridor, with a strange yearning at her heart. When she returned to the bedside of her son, she found that he had turned his face toward the wall. She seated herself quietly, and both were silent for some minutes. At last Philip spoke, rather unsteadily,

"I would not have believed, a month ago, mother, that I could ever love one of my father's family, as I love that child. Perhaps, after all, it is because she reminds me of papa, in some indefinable way. Her eyes are like his, are they not?"

"Somewhat—but not so beautiful."

"Oh, of course not."

Of course not. What eyes are so beautiful as those beloved eyes sealed in the last sleep? What human face so fair as that hidden by the coffin-lid from our gaze forever!

Philip rose from his illness with a new spring of bitterness in his heart, flowing out toward his patrician relatives, for the quiet indifference with which they one and all had regarded his mishap and subsequent suffering, and the sovereign insolence of caste with which they had ignored his mother's presence in the household. On the first day of her stay at the Hall, Mrs. Coniston had been formally, through a servant, invited to join the family at table, but on her declining, her decision was taken as final, and no farther attentions of the kind were proffered. She was taken at her word, literally, and regarded merely in the light of Philip's nurse. All things necessary for her comfort—a luxurious apartment, respectful attendance, were carefully provided—*et viola tout*.

Yet the young widow was little affected by this lack of social consideration and family feeling. She had known sorrows too solemn and profound to be disturbed by such slight and passing things, and she was pained to see that they so chafed the proud spirit of her son.

"He is a boy—and it is for me he feels these things," she said, and forgave him.

Once or twice the Baronet visited the chamber of his nephew, and made Philip's proud blood boil with a new accession of heat, by the Jove-like nod with which alone he recognized Amy's presence.

"Lady Coniston desired to be informed how you were getting on, Philip," said Sir Ralph, on his first visit.

"Indeed," replied Philip, "her ladyship does me much honor, unexpected honor, by inquiring about me."

"Why, yes, it is as much as any one out of her own immediate family could look for from her. Lady Coniston never visits the sick. Her nerves are not equal to it."

"Ah! I did not know that her ladyship had any disposition to nervousness—any feminine weakness of the sort," replied Philip, with a touch of quiet sarcasm in his tone, which, perhaps, no one perceived, except the shrewd and amused surgeon, who was present.

Once or twice the young Conistons dropped in upon the invalid. Georgiana came the day after Vesta Lancaster went Londonward, maliciously to rally Philip on his loss, for Georgiana, herself making no account of her poor cousin, was unaccountably jealous of Vesta's regard for him. Hubert came to express a boyish and boisterous impatience at the slow recovery of his cousin and comrade—a regret which was honest, because it was selfish.

"You ought to be about, Phil! I don't believe but that you might, if you'd only think so. I suppose it is pleasant to be petted and coddled, especially by a fellow's own mother. *I* never tried it though. But you don't know what fun you are losing. There is prime skating on the loch, and three or four inches of snow in the park—just of the right kind to make capital snow-balls—real stingers. We could have such fun, pelting the passers from behind the shelter of the wall. I can't half enjoy it alone."

"I am sorry," said Philip, laughing at the simplicity and earnestness of the big, burly boy, always true boy. "Nothing ought to be in the way of your enjoying so noble a pastime to the top of your bent. No, no, my lad, if it were not for my precious ankle, I'd go with you, out on to the open moor, and snow-ball to your heart's content; but no skulking or dodging for me. But I am afraid you must get on without me for some time longer. It's hard, but I have the worst of it. That ought to console you."

Herbert looked as though he thought that question at least, open to discussion.

Once Mr. Harold Coniston swung himself into the room with a gait between a lounge and a swagger and a "Hello, old fellow, how's that game leg getting on? So much for precocious gallantry, slippery footed and giddy-headed."

Philip did not present his young cousins to his mother, as they did not sue for that honor, as in his opinion they should—in fact, betrayed no particular interest in her. It is possible that they did not recognize her as Philip's mother; though Harold, who bestowed on her a stare of ineffable puppyism, intended, without doubt, as a delicate tribute of admiration, but which said as plainly as words, "Doosed fine woman—a little *passée*, but uncommonly well preserved"—must have remarked the singularly strong likeness between her and Philip.

Every slightest slight put upon his mother during this compulsory stay at the Hall, caused Philip's soul to cleave to her with more exceeding tenderness and devotion, and to garner up wrath against his father's kin.

"I would to Heaven," Philip passionately exclaimed, after one of the young heir's visits of consolation and condescension—"that I were a shepherd boy, like Giotto, so that none of this miserable snobbish blood ran in my veins! I hope though, I am only marked by the family name, not cursed by the hereditary family taint. It seems to me every drop of healthy, human blood, of genuine nobility, that ever belonged to the race went to warm the heart, and swell the veins of my father—making him a stranger to his own, with them, but not of them—a glorious alien."

"He was very noble truly, but not quite so great a monopolizer as that," rejoined Mrs. Coniston. "I have often heard him say that his sister Blanche, Vesta Lancaster's mother, was by nature a noble creature—rather too weak and timid, but sweet-tempered and true-hearted. She loved your father very tenderly, and even risked offending all her family by coming over from the Hall to see us married, in the parish church.

"I never shall forget how sad and white and terrified she looked as she kissed me that morning—a kiss of greeting and farewell. I afterwards knew that she too loved below her station, but had not the courage to abide by her choice. She was an utter sacrifice—the family Juggernaut went over her. Her fate was like Lucy Ashton's, without the tragedy which avenged it. Her fatal love had no horrible revelation in madness and sudden death. It died very slowly and silently with her, and was decorously hidden by the heavy velvet pall and the silver-plated coffin-lid."

"Well then, the Lady Blanche, as well as my father, was a noble exception. They two must have taken the nature, as well as the nurture of their mother, who, you know, was not a Coniston. My Cousin Vesta also seems to me of quite another race. But she is only a slip of a girl, a mere child—there is no telling what they will make of her. She seems pure metal—but she may turn out 'Brummagem.' I would have my other leg broken to be assured that she would preserve till womanhood the frankness, simplicity and independence of her character."

"And her liking for you, Phil."

"And her liking for me, mother."

For many minutes after this conversation, Philip lay silent, intently observing the sweet, noble face of his mother, and resolving, resolving. She sat with her beautiful, benignant eyes apparently fixed on her sewing, but with a peculiar introverted look in them, which showed that her thoughts were busy with a sorrowful past, or an uncertain future. Amy often fell into deep reveries, and when roused, her soul seemed to come back reluctantly, as though recalled from a pilgrimage of love to some distant grave-shrine. This was Philip's resolve:—He would yet, God helping, place that mother where empty pretension and patrician stupidity should be forced to see and acknowledge, if not her intellect, culture and worth, her dignity, elegance and gracious womanly pride.

Henceforward till its consummation, this was the supreme ruling hope and purpose of our hero's life;—an aim not altogether admirable, not particularly heroic, it may be, but one surely in which all true mother-lovers will sympathise. In Philip's heart filial love amounted to a passion—was exalted to a worship. He also would have given in any knightly company, the toast of St. Leon—"MY MOTHER!"

It was a sad day for Philip when his mother left him, finally. He had on that morning descended to the library, for the first time, with the help of his tutor, and taken his favorite place in the window seat, with his injured foot raised upon the cushion, and carefully covered by a soft shawl. Having arranged everything for the comfort of his pupil, Mr. Gregory, with delicate consideration, left him alone with his mother. As he left the room, Philip exclaimed warmly—"Isn't he a grand old fellow, mother? Some people I know, would laugh at the title of *gentleman* being applied to that ungainly, simple-hearted Scotch Dominie,—but I say he is the prince of gentlemen."

Mrs. Coniston parted from her son with almost as much sorrowful effort as on the day when he first came to live at the Hall. But she knew that it was time for her to go from him,—that delay only made the sacrifice more costly. She was not actually necessary to him now, however dear to him in his lingering pain and debility, was the sight of her face, so full of watchful, brooding tenderness—however soothing to him were her soft, sweet tones, her exquisite motherly ministrations, the twilight calm of her presence. She knew that his excellent friend and tutor would care for him, with more than a brother's devotion, and in his hands she left him, without anxiety, but not without a certain innocent envy.

She left Philip rather abruptly at last—kissing him, with a smile, and speaking cheerfully of a speedy meeting. Philip watched her from his window, till a curve in the avenue hid her from his sight. Once she turned and looked back at him. Throwing up her widow's veil, her fair face shone starlike under the sad black cloud. Again she smiled, a tender, courageous smile, struggling out of tears,—then dropped the veil and walked on. Philip felt his heart going out of him to follow her, to whom he was bound by affinities as sweet, as sacred, by the fellowship of sorrow and loss, and by the secret hopes and self-imposed pledges of a chivalrous devotion. He tried to read, but he could not fix his thoughts on the grave volume before him. They would busy themselves with a thousand plans more or less wild and impracticable, but all having a fair possible seeming to youth and love, of how to reward *her*, to right her—to bring back the lost joy-light to her drooping eyes—

"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

—how to gild her obscure days with fortune and honor.

For more than an hour, Philip sat in the library alone. Shortly after his mother left him, he saw Mr. Gregory walking toward the more wooded part of the park.

It was a clear winter day. The sun was out in heaven, but evidently was in no "melting mood" earthward. He shone with distant, delusive brightness, the mockery of warmth—the very ghost of summer sunshine—not deigning to comfort the bare and moaning tree—not heeding the muffled murmur of the brook, entreating to be unlocked of its ice-chains with soft, warm touches of viewless, magical fingers. But there was an unrelenting splendor about the day better than the amiable softness of Spring—and an honest and a wholesome frostiness in the air better than the balm of south winds. The light snow lay crisp and sparkling in the brown hollows—the icicles answered the cold greeting of the sun, in kind—a few brave birds sang from the leafless tree-tops, as though to witness that the blithe soul of nature was still alive and soaring.

The Scotsman looked around with a smile, that seemed to flush and mellow his pale, craggy face, till it became as the face of a boy. The wind spoke to him with the voice of the Highlands. He took in long thirsty draughts. He who in common, walked with his head bent forward, and his arms hanging in a loose, disjointed way, at his sides, now braced himself, flung out his arms as though to embrace the free, familiar air, and trod the frozen earth with a certain chieftain-like dignity, as if his "feet were on his native heath." He took gigantic strides and was soon out of sight.

Philip felt his own weakness and loneliness the more keenly when he could watch his friend no longer; yet he congratulated himself on a solitude which was better and more genial than the society of his kindred. Harold and Hubert were in the billiard-room—Georgiana was with her governess—Lady Coniston in her boudoir, and Sir Ralph had driven over to Woolham, to meet a guest, who was expected, by the mail-coach. Of the coming of this guest, of the guest himself, Philip had heard nothing,—but I am resolved that my readers shall not much longer remain in a like ignorance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

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THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

In opposition to the glowing periods relative to East Indian commerce, indulged in by many of the friends of the Pacific Railroad Bill, the *N. Y. Tribune*, itself an advocate of the road, quotes the following facts:—

In the tables of Commerce and Navigation published by the United States, at page 510 of the Report for 1857, our readers may learn that for the year ending June, 1857, the Imports and Exports from and to the following countries were as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
British East Indies	$10,766,214	$977,937
Philippine Islands	3,553,783	237,612
China	8,356,932	4,395,130
Other ports in Asia	5,660	642
Total	$22,783,589	$5,611,321

This is a full exhibition of our entire trade with the Asiatic Continent. Out of an aggregate import and export trade of over $700 000,000 for the year above mentioned, only $28,000 000 belonged to Asia. The truth is, that in the present state of the commerce of the world, the trade with Asia is reduced to a bagatelle, comparatively. So far as its profits and advantages go, we could lose it and hardly miss it. By way of contrast with this much vaunted commerce, we will give a few other figures. The trade for the year ending June, 1857, was, with the countries named below, as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Cuba	$45,243,101	$14,923,443
Brazil	21,486,733	5,545,201
Bremen	10,723,523	11,443,905

As for bringing the products of Asia across this Continent by land to supply the European markets, or even our own, it is all a dream. It is surprising to find statesmen of intelligence talking about it. The use of the Pacific Railroad is to develope and unite and protect our own territory. It is to rest upon no such myth as the trade with Asia.

But if this vaunted trade with Asia be a mere bagatelle, what trade is to support the Pacific Railroad? It is evident that the breadstuffs and cattle of the Pacific coast could not bear the expense of railroad transportation, and sell in competition with the productions of the Mississippi valley. Even in the article of wine, the Mississippi valley will probably be able to raise as much as can be consumed in the country, and at a much lower price than it could be transported from California.

It therefore seems to us that the market for all the productions of Oregon and California, with the exception of the precious metals, must be mainly at home—and that the Pacific Railroad is needed not for business purposes, but for social and political ones. Now, if not needed for business purposes, it is not probable that such a railroad would pay the interest on the cost of construction, if said construct on proceeds faster than the progress of settlement and population along the line of the road. Though of course the building of the road itself could be made greatly to conduce to the extension of the settlements on that particular line—if the line chosen be at all suitable for the influx of emigration.

It seems to us, therefore, to be of the greatest importance that the route chosen for the road should be that which is best adapted to the growth of population. If none of the routes be found suitable in this respect, we confess it would, in our opinion, prove a great obstacle to the pecuniary success of the road. If several routes present these advantages in a sufficient and about equal degree, then of course that route should be chosen which combines the greatest number of additional advantages.

That the road, if built in advance of population, will become a constant drain upon the resources of the country, seems undeniable. And yet the great social and political need of such a road, should cause us to contemplate a reasonable outlay to secure it, in no narrow or parsimonious spirit. But, on the other hand, it is a great work—and we cannot wonder at the hesitancy displayed by the representatives of the people, when the measure comes for practical action before them. Of course it is easy to vote for resolutions and platforms, expressive of the voter's sense of the importance of the Road—but to vote for a Bill, as a Senator or Representative, is a very different matter. It may be the first step in an immense expenditure, first of public lands, and secondly of public money. Every great expenditure rears up a large and influential body of men, whose interest is involved in a continuance of such expenditures. The appropriation of one million is urged as a reason for the appropriation of another—and the hundredth million is demanded on the plea that if it be denied, all the preceding millions will be worse than wasted. And so the leeches having once got legal hold of the body politic, will never be shaken off until they are completely gorged, or all the vital blood be exhausted.

Will our friends in California and Oregon think of these things, and give them due consideration, before blaming us of the East for our tardy action in this matter? It is a great enterprise—that of building a Pacific Road—and it is the part of wisdom to count the cost, before, and not after, commencing it. A thing well begun, is half ended. An error at the start might retard the building of such a road for a quarter of a century. Much better is it to waste a few years at the beginning, than twenty years in the progress. As a result of discussion and postponement, some plan and route, it is to be hoped, will finally take precedence of all others in the minds of practical men as the most available and expedient ones. Let us imitate the example of our red brethren, in smoking an important project well at the Council fires before coming to a definite conclusion upon it. Until the proper way seems to open, it is better to do nothing but discuss and smoke.

OUR CHINESE RELATIONS.

By the publication of the instructions of the Secretary of State to Hon. W. B. Reed, Commissioner to China, we are informed of the objects which the French and English Allies seek to accomplish in that benighted but obstinate region. They are as follows:—

First. To procure from the Chinese Government the recognition of the rights of other Powers to have accredited ministers at the Court of Pekin, to be received by the Emperor, and to be in communication with the authorities charged with the management of the Foreign Affairs of the Empire. Second. An extension of the commercial intercourse with China, which is now restricted to the five ports enumerated in the treaty. Third. A reduction in the tariff duties levied on domestic produce in transit from the interior to the coast, as the amount now imposed is said to be in violation of the treaty. Fourth. A stipulation for religious freedom to all the foreign residents in China. Fifth. Arrangements for the suppression of piracy. Sixth. A provision for extending the benefits of the proposed treaty to all other civilized Powers of the earth.

The above objects are viewed by the Administration as just and expedient, and Mr. Reed is instructed to do all he can to secure them by *peaceful* means. It appears further, that Lord Napier was informed, in answer to a letter from him in the early part of last year, that it was not competent for the Executive "to grant that concurrence and active co-operation he considered so desirable, nor to give an order to the naval officers of the United States in China, to act heartily in concert with the agent of the Allied Powers."

We are pleased to see by these instructions, and the answer to Lord Napier, that our Government is disposed to act towards China like a *Christian* power, and not like an unchristian one. If Exeter Hall would fulminate a few anathemas against the present course of England and France in China, we should think more highly of its consistency.

A UNION RAILROAD.—The managers of the leading railroads which enter this city, have united in proposing a plan by which all shall be brought together at one great Central Depot. The plan is to tunnel one of the streets running from the Schuylkill to the Delaware—the cost of which is estimated at four millions of dollars. The interest of this sum is less than the actual cost to the railroad companies for the horse conveyance of freight and passengers through the streets; and it is believed that the expense of the proposed tunnel would be cheerfully met by the Railroads themselves. It is a magnificent project, and we take it for granted that it is a tenable one, proposed as it is by practical men, who have examined the subject.

PORTRAITS IN CAMEO.—Those desirous of obtaining profile portraits in cameo of their friends, or of distinguished characters, can obtain them of Mr. Peabody of this city, who takes them either from life or from daguerreotypes, &c. Three which have been shown us, of Senators Houston and Seward, and of Hon. E. J. Morris, appear to be excellently executed. These and other specimens may be seen at Mr. T. W. Baily's jewelry store, 622 Market St., where the artist himself is engaged.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COLD AND MODERATE WINTERS.—Mr. G. W. Foering writes us in relation to our recent article upon this subject. He says that the production of heat by rain is not owing to the chemical action produced in the *soil* alone, but "also below the soil, and in the strata." Mr. F. states that he is writing a work upon this interesting subject.

THE COMING SUMMER.—The Earl of Rosse writes to the *Dublin Evening Post* in relation to the story going the rounds that he had predicted a very hot summer. He says that "he has never expressed an opinion on the subject."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 193—Adults 95, and children 98.

☞ In London, recently, a British captain, found guilty of beating one of his crew—a Portuguese—to death, was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

We doubt whether so severe but just a sentence as the above, would be pronounced on a captain by any court in the United States—granting that any jury could be found to bring him in guilty for merely beating a Portuguese seaman to death. We do not wish to depreciate the character of our own courts and juries, but really we think the "quality of justice" is considerably more "strained" in this country than in England—notwithstanding we are a Democratic Republic, and she a so-called "Limited Monarchy." England, at present, however, really is not a Monarchy at all, but an Aristocratical and Monarchical Republic—the ruling power being in the House of Commons, the representatives of the people.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—We have been requested to insert the following:—

At a late meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, a committee was appointed to urge upon parents and guardians, that letters of introduction should be given to their sons and wards on leaving home, commending them to the friendly notice and watchful care of the members of the Association. This is a movement in keeping with the paternal spirit which has marked all the recent actions of this noble organization.

Our editorial brethren in the interior will do well to call attention of their patrons to this worthy plan of securing the good offices of Christian fellowship for those whose prosperity they esteem. Letters addressed to the President of the Association, (George H. Stuart, Esq., 13 Bank street,) stating the address of sons and wards at present, in the city, will receive prompt attention from the committee appointed for the purpose.

THE NEW LICENSE LAW.—We regret to say that the clause in the new License Law of this State, providing for the appointment of Inspectors, to guard against the manufacture and sale of adulterated liquors, was stricken out by the House of Representatives. The bill, as passed, allows the exercise of no discretionary power by the Courts as to the number of licenses to be granted, the word "*may*" being displaced by the imperative "*shall*." All who wish to engage in the liquor traffic, and who can furnish the necessary security, have now a free field before them.

☞ The Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, of this city, who recently lost an arm by a corn shelling machine, died last week from the effect of the injury. He had taken a prominent part in the recent revivals in this city, and the funeral services were deeply impressive.

THE SUNDAY TOPIC is the name of a new Sunday paper, published in this city by Messrs. John Travis Quigg & Co.

New Publications.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, (Blanchard & Lea, Philada.,) is of great value to medical men, being one of the best records of the new facts and opinions that appear in their department of science. The April number has the conclusion, from a former number, of a paper by Dr. Porter, of the United States Army, in which it is demonstrated that Yellow Fever is not a contagious disease. Its cause is not distinctly stated, but would seem to be excess or carelessness of one kind or another—unwholesome food, ardent spirits, dissipation, exposure to the sun, etc.—Another article records the success of the bromine mixture, known as Bibron's Antidote for rattlesnake bites. Ten drops of the bromine mixture, diluted in a little alcohol and water, and the same dose repeated four hours after, cured a boy whose leg, and even his body, were very much swollen. The value of this antidote should be known throughout the southern and western parts of this country.—In another paper, Dr. Rand calls attention to the injurious effects produced on the eye, by the "fish-tail or union-jet" gas burner. The effects are pain in the eyeball, confusion of vision, headache, and other symptoms of fatigue of the optic nerve, all owing to the unsteadiness of this form of flame. The "bat-wing," or the Argand burner, is commended as a substitute, either of these giving an unflickering light. The argument for the "fish-tail" burner is first, its economy, giving, as it does, about twenty per cent. more light for the same consumption, though in this it is equalled by the best forms of Argand; and second, the advantage of its giving warning by "blowing" when wasting gas, which the "bat wing" does not. But then it hurts the eyes. An objection to the "bat-wing" is, that owing to the form of the flame, it is not well adapted to a shade—though we presume a shade adapted to the size of the flame would obviate this difficulty. The Argand has the disadvantage of requiring a glass chimney, and, again, of being liable, under increased pressure, to smoke. Dr. Rand, however, has used the Argand for years, and found it to give little trouble, while it has the great merit of shedding a bright, mild and steady ray.—The Journal contains a great deal of other matter, directly interesting to physicians, and indirectly to the public.

APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF DRAWING, (D. Appleton, New York, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a text book for the mechanic, architect, engineer and surveyor, comprising geometrical projection, mechanical, architectural, and topographical drawing, perspective and isometry. It is the first comprehensive work of the kind that has appeared, the four great branches of practical drawing having hitherto been treated separately. In this work the experienced editor, Mr. W. E. Worthen, has collected what has been written by the best authors on these subjects into one volume. The design was to furnish a complete course of instruction and book of reference to the mechanic, architect and engineer, and in furtherance of this end the book is profusely illustrated with all manner of diagrams, drawings and engravings proper to the matters under treatment.

THE QUAKER SOLDIER, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia) is a story of the Revolution.

THE HISTORY OF THE INDUCTIVE SCIENCES FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME, by WILLIAM WHEWELL, D. D., (D. Appleton & Co., New York. T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is a standard work of exceeding value. It is at once the story and the summary of all human knowledge in the inductive sciences. Dr. Whewell is a worker in that field of discovery and conquest laid open by the great Bacon—one of the most illustrious of that band who seek, in the latter's noble phrase, "to extend the empire of man over nature." Here he gives us the account of what has been done—the history of the labors, errors, failures, and successes of the human mind in its long search for scientific truth, and the compendium of the results that have been attained. The survey is taken for the sake of determining the nature and direction of future efforts, and as a basis for forming a definite philosophy of science. The history of each science is thrown into epochs marked by some cardinal discovery, and the subordinate events of each are arranged as belonging to the preludes and sequels of such epochs. It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive and reliable work of the kind extant, characterized by stupendous erudition and admirable simplicity of statement, and is indispensable to the library of every educated man interested in the progress of physical science.

A PRACTICAL AND PROGRESSIVE LATIN GRAMMAR, by THOMAS CLARK, (C. Desilver, Philada.,) claims to be a better method of teaching Latin, and deserves the attention of students. The plan is that the pupil commences to translate and learn words and sentences while he learns the declensions, so that by the time he has learned the declensions and conjugations he will have gained some knowledge of the language.

WISCONSIN AND ITS RESOURCES, by JAMES S. RITCHIE, (C. Desilver, Philada.,) is a very complete local history, noticed before in these columns, and now appearing in a new edition with some new matter added.

THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK, (Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, Hazard Brothers, Philada.,) promises much amusement to the young folks, with its instructions how to do all the great tricks in jugglery that the great jugglers do.—The same firm have issued several cheap handbooks—"The Young Housewife's Book," a little bundle of useful receipts—"Mind Your Stops," a plain treatise on the art of punctuation—and "Chesterfield's Art of Letter Writing," which has a few good hints, but very little of Chesterfield.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for April, (Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, W. B. Zieber, Philada.,) has various fine articles, among which are an able analytic paper on the Hindu doctrine of a future life, a searching review of the East Indian Rebellion, a scholarly essay on the influence of English upon French Literature, and other matter well worth reading.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ALGEBRA, by FRANCIS H. SMITH, A. M. (C. Desilver, Philadelphia.) is an ably composed work, fitted for the use of high schools and colleges. The author's design is to present as complete an elementary course of algebra as the time devoted to the study of mathematics in our academies will allow.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION, by EDWARD J. STEARNS, A. M., (Crosby & Nichols, Boston, J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia,) is a little work of great value, suitable for the use of schools.

RAN AWAY TO SEA, by CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a vivid story, full of wonder and dangers, written for boys.

LIFE THOUGHTS, GATHERED FROM THE DISCOURSES OF HENRY WARD BEECHER, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia,) are thoughts that fit life, with illustrations drawn from our daily experiences and observations. They are printed from the notes of a lady in Mr. Beecher's congregation, and well repay reading.

☞ Universally, until the 17th century, all monsters were destroyed. It was held to be a bold novelty when Riolan, one of the most distinguished men of his time, declared that six-fingered children might be allowed to live. Riolan taught, moreover, that monsters, half man and half animals, should rather be killed; as to monsters, made in the likeness of the devil, if allowed to live, they must be constantly shut up and kept concealed. Riolan was dean of the faculty of medicine in Paris; he died in 1605.

☞ THREE THINGS A MAN NEVER GETS TIRED OF LOOKING AT.—The Sky—the Sea—and Women's Faces.—*Punch's Spooney Contributor.*

And why?—Because they are never for two days together alike.—*Punch's Satirical Contributor.*

☞ Be not hasty in drawing conclusions to the prejudice of another, before you form your opinion. Be perfectly satisfied with the correctness of your judgment. How many have heedlessly infused a drop of bitterness in the cup of one already overflowing with grief,

Regardless of wringing or breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resigned!

☞ When Canning was challenged to find a rhyme for Julianna, he immediately wrote:

"Walking in the shady grove
With my Julianna,
For lozenges I gave my love
Ip-e-cac-u-an-ha."

☞ Many men want wealth—not a competence alone, but a *five-story competence*. Everything subserves this: and religion they would like as a sort of lightning rod to their houses, to ward off, by and by, the bolts of divine wrath.—*Beecher.*

☞ There is a cockney youth who, every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweetheart, calls out "Fire!" directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment she plunges her head out of the window, and inquires "Where?" The lover then poetically slaps himself on the bosom, and exclaims, "*Ere*, my Hangelina!"

☞ When we see an individual whose memory keeps pace with our own, it excites no notice; but if he can remember what we cannot, we look upon him with respect. It is inexplicable where the fragments of information, which come to hand when they are wanted, are kept. Nobody has yet been able to turn himself inside out quickly enough to decide the problem.—*Emerson.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Signs of Spring—Arrayed as the Lilies—The Passport Nuisance—Connubial Bliss.

Paris, April 1, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The blustering winds and driving storms of sleet which ushered in the "March Lion," have been duly succeeded by the entrance of as lamb-like an April as the most exigeant heart could desire. Birds are singing and building their nests, the famous horse-chestnut tree of the Tuileries, named "Le Vingt Mars," from its old habit of coming into leaf by that day, is covered with delicate half-unfolded fans of pale green, and is visited daily by hundreds who are anxious to see for themselves the progress of the vegetable phenomenon; while the example of this vigorous-minded tree—about two hundred and seventy years of age!—is imitated by guelder-rose bushes, lilacs, alders, and red-bud, all of which are putting forth zealous sprouts in sheltered corners, and preparing to bear their testimony to the fact of Spring's return.

The Parisiennes are not behind the vegetable world in their own way; and are coming out with Spring-finery as busily as the flowers. Bonnets, which are a mere mass of delicate white blonde, with innumerable streamers and lappets of the same cloud-like material, with merely enough velvet intermingled to give tone to the whole, are beginning to parade the streets, as though May had arrived; black silk dresses, trimmed with velvet or ribbon to match the said bonnets, being a rage just now. The passion for dress is certainly not on the wane, despite the gloomy forebodings of the time; and ordinary mortals, who compute, on the one hand, the cost of all the elegance displayed by the fairer sex, and remember, on the other, the excessive stagnation of all species of business throughout France, are fain to wonder by what possible means all this finery is paid for!

Much annoyance has been caused by the recent increase of severity in regard to passports, &c., in this country: and the decrease of foreign visitors in consequence of these new measures, threatens to be a serious loss to Paris. In spite of the excessive rigor now exercised over the press, and the close inspection of letters, the public has a general idea of the unfavorable effect produced throughout Europe by the recent policy of the French Government; and the natural inference from all this precaution on the part of the Government being a suspicion that the Government must have good reason for being afraid, public sentiment is taking alarm, and business suffers accordingly. The state of feeling is unsatisfactory between this country and Austria; and a growing expectation exists here of future trouble with that power. Could any good result to Italy from a squabble between the rival eagles, one would look forward to the occurrence of such a contingency with considerable equanimity. But the Upas of spiritual domination seems to have poisoned the very soil, and neither Italy, Spain, France, or Ireland, appears to possess the moral sinew to achieve its own redemption.

Meantime, we who live here, suffer the penalty of all this fermenting discord. In a recent letter I recounted the fortnight's work and trouble endured by a French chambermaid desirous of leaving Paris for London, where she had been engaged by a London lady of rank and distinction. It was literally impossible for the poor girl to fulfil all the requisitions of the police with regard to furnishing the names and addresses of the mistresses in whose employment she had previously been; and she was on the point of giving up the place in London, from sheer impossibility of getting out of the country, when a passport was procured for her by the influence of parties who interested themselves for her, and got the necessary formality accomplished through the friendly interference of a member of the Legislative Assembly. A friend of mine, an English lady residing here, was compelled to leave for London a few days ago, to see a relative at the point of death; she procured the usual vise at the British Embassy and at the Prefecture of Police, and then found that the passport would not be valid without the additional vise of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In theory this third vise has always been required, but nobody ever thought of getting it; and this lady, whose passport has been in use for years, and is more than half covered with vises which have never cost a sou beyond the hire of cabs in going to get them, had to pay $2 for this teird vise which, in all the years she has lived in France, and for the numerous journeys to London performed with its aid through that time, had never been previously asked for. When she expressed her surprise and vexation at this charge, the official politely informed her that the fee was always required; and that, had she arrived at Boulogne or Calais without this additional vise, she would certainly have been prohibited from leaving the country.

"But my passport is already ragged from use," returned my friend; "I have never had to obtain this costly vise before, and yet, as you know, I have been over to London repeatedly during the last ten years"

"That is true," replied the functionary, "but the regulations are now enforced with so much more strictness that you would not have been allowed to pass without it."

The practical annoyance of this system of passports is really very great; and so much anger is excited by it, that some modification by the Continental powers will no doubt become necessary.

It is rumored that the "small number" of "suspicious" individuals arrested in Paris since the passing of the new law, empowering the Government to arrest and expel certain categories of individuals from France, is really but little short of five hundred; a rumor which by no means adds to the sense of security among the public. The *Presse* having published certain quotations from the writings of his Majesty the Emperor, respecting liberty of the person and of the press, has been "invited" to abstain from making such quotations in future. A very injudicious step, as showing that the policy of the Emperor will not stand comparison with the wiser views put forth by himself in his earlier days. The fact is that the work of governing France is no easy matter; in order to maintain his position, any ruler would be compelled to "put on the screws," and the action of the screw being essentially unpalatable to the French, (unless, indeed, each man could use it on his neighbor!) there really seems no prospect of peace and steady progress for this pleasant but most unprincipled people.

We hear a great deal of wife-beating and other marital enormities in England; and the French are never tired of asserting that Englishmen sell their wives by auction, with ropes round their necks, every market-day, in that "perfidious and hypocritical Albion." But the position of the wives of the lower orders is to the full as unfavorable here as across the Channel. The wife is regarded by French law as being as absolutely under the tutelage, authority and power of the husband, as his dog, his horse, or his "chattel." The case of Madame Ronconi, wife of the eminent singer, and herself a singer of at least equal reputation with her husband, was a striking instance of the unprotectedness of French wives. Ronconi had separated from his wife, she maintaining herself as she could. This she did by singing; but sometimes when she succeeded in making an arrangement with the managers of a theatre or opera-house, her husband thought fit to lay an interdict on the arrangement concluded by his wife. In several provincial courts of law the question of his right so to step between his wife and her means of gaining a livelihood, was tried, and a verdict given in the wife's favor; but her husband at length brought the matter before the Cour de Cassation of Paris—the Supreme Tribunal of the country. This court declared the verdict previously given in favor of Madame Ronconi to be null, although a deed was produced which had been executed by Ronconi previous to his marriage, and by which he gave to his future wife full power to make any engagement she should deem advisable with any theatre or other operatic company, empowering her to act independently of him in her artist-capacity, and assigning to her the sole and entire right in the sums she might thus earn. The Paris Court declared that the right of a husband to mastery and authority over his wife was so inherent, necessary, and indestructible, that it could not be impaired or surrendered by him; and that, consequently, any deed given by him in contradiction to this natural and inalienable right remained without effect; and gave a verdict, based on the absolute right of the husband over the acts and earnings of his wife, cancelling the engagement into which Mme. Ronconi had entered with the manager of the grand opera of Paris.

This case, which occurred about a year ago, may serve as an illustration of the enlightened and liberal state of French law on this important point. Among the lower classes instances of marital tyranny and cruelty are constantly occurring. Divorce not being obtainable in France there is no relief for a wife unless she can prove some gross act of personal violence against her husband; when permission to reside apart from her tyrant is sometimes granted. Several cases of a very hard character have come under my own observation here, proving how much need exists for some revision of existing laws on this subject. One of these was the case of an excellent hard-working, honest servant, a cook, named Félicité, the only thing in the least *felicitous* about her being this name, which almost seemed to have been given to the poor thing in mockery by an adverse Fate. Félicité was a cook of unusual ability. She had learned her business under a professor of some standing in the culinary art, and was quite equal to the work of superintending a kitchen of distinction. She entered the service of a respectable family when still young, served them faithfully for many years, and managed to put by, honestly, a nice little sum. She had laid up a quantity of house-linen, and a good wardrobe for herself; had bought a good clock (an object that always comes second in the ambition of a young Frenchwoman, the press full of linen being the first), a bedstead, chairs, kitchen-utensils, chest of drawers, and wardrobe; in fact, the usual turn out which a French girl heads all her efforts to obtain in view of a husband. Besides all this she had over a thousand francs laid up in the savings' bank. Félicité was therefore a very desirable *parti*, and was courted by many adorers of her property. In an evil hour she listened to the honeyed accents of a young journeyman shoemaker, who vowed an eternal adoration of the confiding Félicité, and who seemed to be a respectable and steady workman. She married him; and he took to drinking. He drank up her thousand francs at the savings' bank; he drank up her linen, her furniture, her *batterie de cuisine*, and every stick and thread of the little turn-out she had so industriously amassed. He sold the very clothes off her back for liquor, and would have sold her too could he have found a purchaser. She worked on as a cook, going out to prepare dinners, and patiently allowed herself to be stripped even of these earnings by the drunken sot she had married, until his reiterated personal violence compelled her to fly from her wretched home, and seek a situation as servant in a family living in a distant part of the country. Here she again scraped together enough to furnish a little home in which she installed herself; and went out to daily work as a char-woman. As her ill-luck would have it, her vile husband chanced to come to the town in which she had taken refuge, saw her in the street, tracked her home, seized every bit of her furniture, and finding where she was working, forced her masters to pay over her wages to him. The poor woman fled a second time from her tyrant, penniless and friendless, and covered with the bruises inflicted on her by his brutal violence. She established herself in another town, furnished a little home for the third time, was again discovered by her worthless, idle, and dissolute husband, and dispossessed, for the third time, of her little savings. She now determined to change her name, and abandoned all hope of maintaining herself as she had hoped to do, viz:—by going out as char-woman, a mode of occupation which she liked, because it left her free to live by herself, and gave her more liberty than she could have as a house-servant. Instead of doing char-work, she now took a situation as a cook in a private family. To her employers she confided the story of her troubles, and they agreed to hold her wages for her under another name. In order to do this she was obliged to sign an agreement to work for them for no other remuneration than her food and clothing, so that the husband, if he found her out and demanded her wages, might be got rid of on the plea that she was not earning wages, and that he had, therefore, no right to claim any. This little subterfuge, however, would only avail to protect her earnings from him; for, if he chose to compel her to return and live with him, the law would bear him out in the claim. Félicité lived for fifteen years in this family, highly esteemed by them, and amassing a little provision for her old age, but constantly tormented by the dread of seeing her husband make his appearance. At length her master died; her mistress went to live with some relatives, and the establishment being broken up, Félicité was again thrown upon the world. Having a great desire to return to Paris, her native place, and hoping that her husband had now lost sight of her so long, that she would be safe from his persecutions, she unfortunately ventured back, furnished a room in which she established herself, and went out to two or three families here as char-woman. In about two years from the time of her return her husband got wind of her being in Paris, found her out, seized every bit of her furniture, compelled her to give up her money, which he wasted immediately in drunkenness and debauchery, and the unfortunate woman, now nearly sixty years of age, has again placed herself in a situation as cook, at some distance from Paris, where she hopes to be free from his odious selfishness. But at her age she has no chance of ever again scraping together enough to maintain her in her old age; and after a long, laborious, and upright life, the poor old soul, when past work, will have no resource but to go to a hospital to die.

A second instance is that of a Russian house-serf, named Odoxie, who belonged to a gay and wealthy Countess, who employed her as lady's maid. The Countess, who is well known in Paris, is a woman of violent temper, and very cruel to her "servants," often flogging them with her own fair hands. A good many years ago this lady came to Paris bringing Odoxie with her. The latter, a very shrewd girl, was not long in learning that she was in a free country, and free to leave her mistress if she pleased. Accordingly, when the Countess announced her intention of returning to Russia, her maid informed her of her determination to remain in France. The Countess was furious; but, finding that her anger was without effect, began to try and work on her feelings by reminding her how she had grown up under her father's roof, had "eaten her bread and salt," and had been treated by her with kindness and indulgence, &c., &c.; to all which moving appeals Odoxie opposed her determination to be free, and a rapid counting-up of the number of scars imprinted over her arms and body by the lash of this loving and tender-hearted mistress. So the Countess went back to Russia without her maid—and the latter married a young mason with whose parents she was a great favorite. The mason took to drinking, having fallen in with evil-minded companions; and his wife's earnings (she too, worked as a char-woman) as well as his own, went in the gin-shop. It was she who had bought with her own labor, every bit of furniture, linen, crockery, &c., in their room; but he took article after article to the pawnbroker's, to provide gin for himself and his drunken companions. One night he came home intoxicated, and bent on setting fire to the house. He pulled down the window-curtains, broke every pane of glass, broke the stove, broke the chairs, the table, the bedstead, and every bit of crockery he could lay his hands on. He then made a pile of his wife's linen, sheets, blankets, and wearing apparel, and set fire to it, fighting his wife—who tried to stop his proceedings—beating her with the leg of a chair, and threatening to dash out her brains with a poker. Her shrieks and the racket made by the wretched drunkard reached the other lodgers, but no one ventured to interfere until he began to set fire to the things, when the police were sent for, and the man ran away, threatening to kill his wife at the first opportunity. He stayed away for a fortnight, and Odoxie hoped had taken himself off for ever, as he had declared to his parents that he would never come back. But, having spent all his money, he returned to the room he had quitted, ordered his wife to give him some supper, got into bed, and ordered her to sleep on the floor, sullenly telling her he would "kick her out of bed," if she attempted to get in. She went to the police-office to beg for protection, and that her brutal husband might be compelled to leave her. The police-officer told her he could do nothing: the law holding a man to be the sole master of his house, his wife, and her property and person, and that if he chose to break up every chair and table in the room he was perfectly at liberty to do it. He advised her to take the benefit of a provision of the Code Napoléon, which permits a separation among the poor, provided it be demanded by the husband and the wife conjointly, in which case both parties are freed from all relationship toward each other, though not at liberty to marry again. But the mason, who finds it more agreeable to make his wife work for him than to work for himself, refuses to take this step, and Odoxie is now compelled to live on with her domestic tyrant, earning money for him to spend on drink, robbed of her furniture which he has pawned at the wine-shop, and esteeming herself happy when her eyes and arms bear no visible traces of his brutal violence.

I might multiply instances of a similar character, but these two are sufficient to show that the social evil which cries so loudly for reform in England is no less urgently needed here.

QUANTUM.

☞ The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement.

☞ "Frank," says one student to another, whom he caught swinging a scythe most lustily in a field of stout herdsgrass, "What makes you work for a living? A fellow with your talent and ability should not be caught engaging in manual labor. I mean to get my living by my wits." "Well, Bill, you can work with duller tools than I can!"

EUROPEAN NEWS.

Capture of Lucknow—A Slight Advance in Cotton—Inflow of Specie to America.

The Canada brings Liverpool advices to the 10th, and $200,000 in specie.

The Canada went south of Sable Island, to avoid the fields of ice which were observed inside.

Parliament had not yet reassembled, and political matters were dull.

The English Government was about to enter into a contract with Austria for the latter to construct a line of telegraph from Malta to Alexandria.

The weekly meeting of the Bank of England broke up without a reduction of the rate of discount. The course of exchange at New York, and the increased demand for money, operated to postpone the reduction.

Large policies of insurance are said to have been opened in London and Liverpool for the despatch of specie to New York, in this succeeding steamer.

The quarterly meeting of the iron trade had been held at Birmingham. Although business continued dull, confidence appeared to be returning, and trade was assuming a healthier condition.

The first annual meeting of the Cotton Supply Association was held at Manchester on the 9th inst. The attendance was large and the prospects were said to be encouraging. A resolution was adopted to continue and extend the organization, with the view to secure an abundance of the raw material.

The Grand Jury in London have found true bills of indictment against Bernard, Alleop, Orsini, and the others, for feloniously attempting to kill the Emperor of the French. Twenty Frenchmen subpœnaed in Paris, had reached London, to give evidence against Bernard, whose trial was about to commence.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Great Western Railway of Canada, was held in London. The Directors made a report which was adopted. A dividend of five and a half per cent was declared.

The Times' city article, dated Friday evening, reported that the English funds opened heavily, but in consequence of a trifling improvement in French prices, there was rather less weakness at the close. There was a fair demand for discount at the Bank on Friday. In open market the rates for choice paper are still two and a quarter, to two and a half per cent.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times, in a dispatch dated Friday night, says: "A Commission has been appointed to examine and report on the best system for placing the French commercial ports in a state of defence. A levy of French seamen, from 21 to 40 years of age, is going on in a most complete and strict manner. The instructions issued for carrying out this measure state that it is adopted with the object of obtaining a fleet, with a body of seamen, completely formed and experienced, and who are in full force of age and activity.

The leading article in the Times on the Perim and Suez Canal, very nearly produced a panic yesterday.

The latest news from Lucknow is to the morning of March 15th, when nearly all the city was in possession of the British, but few rebels remaining in it. General Outram having turned the enemy's line of works on the canal, the Martiniere was stormed by Sir Edward Lugard, and the line of works seized on the 9th. The Bank House was also occupied. On the 11th, Jung Bahadoor moved into line, and the 93rd regiment supported by the 42nd, stormed the Begum's Palace. The British loss was less than one hundred killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy was 500.

The rebellious districts of Shahgard had been annexed to the British territory by Sir Robert Hamilton. The first brigade is besieged at Thanderee.

There was a panic in Calcutta on the 3rd of March. The President of the Council called out volunteers, and placed cannon on the bridges.

Information had been received that the barracks of poor Sepoys, who were to relieve the Fort Garrison that night, were to have arms and attack the city. All, however, passed off quietly.

China.—Hong Kong dates are to February 27th. The braves were mustering in large numbers around Canton, determined on an attempt to retake the city. The representatives of the Allied Powers were preparing for their departure northward, but it is said that visiting Pekin this year was given up.

The Imflexible, with Yen as a prisoner, arrived at Singapore on the first of March.

Despatches are said to have reached Paris from Canton demanding reinforcements, as the Chinese showed no disposition to negotiate for peace.

France.—Returns of the Bank of France for March, exhibit an increase in cash at Paris of thirty-five millions of francs, and in the country branches ten millions of francs. A general revival of trade in France is now hoped for, although accounts still report continued dullness.

Vienna, April 8.—The correspondent of the Times writes that, according to a private letter from Paris, a serious misunderstanding has recently arisen between the Emperor and Prince Napoleon.

The Executive Committee of the German Confederation is said to be preparing to proceed actively against Denmark.

Commercial Intelligence.—Liverpool Cotton Market.—The market opened on Thursday with an advance of ⅛d on Lower, and ¼d on Middling and Fair qualities, but prices subsequently fell off, and the market closed quietly at an advance of ⅛d on the week's sales.

State of Trade.—The advices from Manchester continued unfavorable, there being but little inquiry and prices weak. The quotations were barely maintained.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Market.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular report the Flour Market quiet, with a decline of 6d in Western. The same Circular quotes Wheat firm, with a slight advance on Red, quoting at 6s@6s 8d. Also a dull market for Corn at 33s@33s 6d.

Provisions are generally steady, but quiet. Pork heavy; Bacon steady; Lard firm, at an advance of 1s@2s.

Sugar quiet, with easier prices, but unchanged in quotations. Rice heavy, and 6d lower. Rosin firm at 4s@4s 6d for common, and 11s 3d@14s 6d for fine. Turpentine—Spirits were dull at 42s 6d.

London Money Market.—Money continues in abundant supply. The bullion in the Bank of England has further decreased £317,500 during the week.

American Railroad Securities have slightly declined. There is but little inquiry for Stock, and the prices were weak.

Liverpool, Saturday, 4 o'clock, P. M.—The Cotton market closed dull. The estimated sales to-day were 5000 bales.

Flour closed firm; Meat steady; Corn dull; Provisions quiet.

Grape Culture in the South West.—Prof. G. C. Swallow, State Geologist of Missouri, in recent letters to the Patent Office, suggested the idea that the extensive areas in Kentucky and Tennessee, known as the "barrens," may be rendered valuable for vineyards.—Should this prove true, the numerous caves contained in the limestone would become very valuable as places of storage for wine. He says that there seems to be no doubt that it can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of all intelligent wine growers that there are at least 20,000,000 acres of land in Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee on which the vine will succeed as well as in France and Turkey.

Many of the letters addressed to the managers of bogus lotteries recently broken up in the North, inclosing thousands of dollars, have been forwarded to Washington to be restored to their simple-minded authors.

☞ Worth pondering, is the saying of a living French divine: "Ah, those know little of the human heart who say that men die more easily, in proportion as their life has been destitute of all happiness and joy. We wished to have tasted, at least once in our lives, these seductive fruits of the earth; it would seem as if we were ashamed to enter on another life without having experienced anything but the ills of this."

"Extremely mad the man I surely deem,
That means with watch, and hard restraint, to stay
A woman's will, that is disposed to go astray."
—*Spenser.*

☞ Some things everybody remembers. A creditor is in slight danger of forgetting his debtor, and mankind generally keep an insult fresh. Old Ben Jonson used to say it was hard to forget the last kick. It is stated that the boundaries between towns were formerly established by whipping a schoolboy on the site.—*Emerson.*

☞ There are calumnies by which innocence itself is confounded.—*Napoleon.*

Whatever crosy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh, life, *not* death, *for which we pant;*
More life, and fuller, that we want.
—*Tennyson.*

☞ Try for a single day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. Be but for one day, instead of a fire-worshipper of passion and hell, the sun-worshipper of clear self-possession; and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you have allowed it to grow up; and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate; truly, you will wonder at your own improvement.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

☞ "A coffin," said an Irishman, "is the house a man lives in after he is dead."

☞ Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint. —*Beecher.*

"Black wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in a slanderous tongue?"
—*Shakspeare.*

☞ John Reeve was once accosted by a man, with a bottle of gin in his hand: "Pray, sir, is this the way to the poor house?" John gave him a look of clerical dignity, and pointing to the bottle, very gravely said: "No, sir; but that is!"

☞ The world is very keen sighted; it looks through the excitement of your religious meeting, quietly watches the rest of your scandal, scans your consciousness, and the question which the world keeps putting pertinaciously, is, Are these men in earnest? Is it any marvel if Christian unreality is the subject of scoffs and bitter irony?—*Robertson's Sermons.*

☞ Shakspeare anticipated Lavater in physiognomy when he wrote

"Is there an art
To find the mind's construction in the face?"

☞ Revenge commonly hurts both the offerer and sufferer; as we see in the foolish bee, which, in her anger, envenometh the flesh, and loseth her sting, and so lives a drone ever after. I account it the only valor to remit a wrong, and will applaud it to myself as right noble and Christian, that I might hurt, and will not.—*Bishop Hall.*

What is strength, without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burthensome;
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; strength's not made to rule,
But to subserve, where wisdom bears command.
—*Milton.*

☞ Happiness is perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

☞ In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, is a sun-dial bearing this inscription:—"*Horas non numero nisi serenas* (I count only the sunny hours)—a pretty and appropriate motto. The merry mortal forgets that even sunny hours are numbered by a shadow!

Whiskey Root.—Some time ago, I wrote you that there was such a thing in this country as a "whiskey root;" you disbelieved. I now take my revenge by sending you the specimen. It is what the Indians call "Hic-o-ke." It grows in Southern Texas, on the range of the sand hills bordering on the Rio Grande, and in gravel, sandy soil. The Indians eat it for its exhilarating effect on the system, producing precisely the same as alcoholic drinks. It is sliced, as you would a cucumber, and these small pieces chewed, and in about the time that comfortably tight cock-tails would "stir the divinity" within you, this indicates itself: only its effects are what I might term a little h-a-v-o-c-k-i-n-g, giving rather a wilder scope to the imagination and actions. It can be sliced and dried, and in this way the Indians preserve it, then parch and serve it up as coffee or tea. It is evidently of the cactus species, and it resembles that more than any other plant. I have never seen this particular root mentioned in any work, and believe these—and specimens I sent to the editor of the Southern Cultivator—to be the only specimens sent from the State. I wish you would have these analyzed, and publish the result.—*Texas Correspondent N. O. Picayune.*

Legal Time.—Attorney General Black says:—A lease of land for one year from the first of April does not expire until the first day of April following. It would expire on the 31st of March, if the day on which the term began were not excluded. When a bill is payable ten days after sight the day of presentation is not one of the ten. When the decree of the court requires an act to be done within four days, the party cannot be put in contempt until the expiration of four whole days after the day on which the decree is dated. When a policy of insurance stipulates for two days' notice of a fire, the day of the fire is not included. A right by statute to redeem lands sold for taxes within sixty days after the sale, means sixty days without counting the day of sale. These are a few of the innumerable cases to which the American courts have applied the general principle that, where time is to be computed from an act done, the day on which the act is done shall be excluded, unless it is apparent that a different computation was intended.

New Orleans, April 18.—The depth of water in the Mississippi, at this point, is now six inches below water mark.

NEWS ITEMS.

The story of a terrible hurricane at Bentonville, Arkansas, on the 27th ult., resulting in a great destruction of property and the loss of many lives, proves to be a hoax.

The bill to oust Judge Wilmot from his judicial seat, which passed the Penna. Senate by two majority, was defeated in the House by yeas 33, nays 62.

It is announced that the Central American Colonization Company of New York, have commenced the settlement of the Bay of Fonseeca, situated on the west coast of Central America.

There was quite a heavy fall of snow in various parts of Vermont on the 20th.

Letter from Ex-President Comonfort.—Ex President Comonfort, of Mexico, has written a letter denying most positively having any connection with Walker or other filibusters. He says he does not know them, nor anything about their plans, as none of them have consulted him so far as to speak to him of projects in which no man of his principles can take part.

Dick Hayward, a slave of H. H. Goldsborough, of Easton, Md., ran away last week, and when overtaken deliberately cut off all the fingers of his left hand.

The Minnesota Election on the Loan Bill.—The majority in favor of the proposed five millions of dollars loan by Minnesota will probably exceed 20,000 votes.

The Governor has appointed Ellis Lewis, Chas. R. Buckalew and John C. Knox, Commissioners to revise the penal code of Penna., under the act passed at this session. These nominations were immediately taken up and confirmed unanimously by the Senate. It is unnecessary to say anything in commendation of these appointments.

The Committee of Foreign Affairs of the Senate and House have instructed their Chairmen to bring in a resolution advising the President to propose to the British Government the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

The Orsini Demonstration—New York, April 22.—The Red Republican celebration of the martyrdom of Orsini came of to-night, and, after marching along Broadway and other principal streets, reached the Park about ten o'clock. It was not large. The orators of the party delivered a number of speeches. No disturbance occurred.

Reaping Patent Case.—Washington, April 22—The U. S. Supreme Court, this morning, decided the suit between the rival inventors of reaping machines, McCormick and Manray, in favor of the latter, on every point. The counsel for McCormick were Reverdy Johnson and Mr. Dickerson. Messrs. Harding and Stanton were counsel for Manray.

Supposed Naval Battle in the Gulf of Mexico.—Washington, April 22.—The Savannah News, received by mail, mentions the arrival of a vessel, the captain of which reports that on the night of the 15th inst., on the eastern edge of the Gulf of Mexico, he heard and saw fired in rapid succession, sixty shots, apparently from thirty two pounders, between two ships. Some on board supposed it was the Spanish fleet exercising the crew at the guns, but the News supposes it more likely to have been an encounter with a slaver or suspected filibuster.

Burning of the Steamboats Ocean Spray and Keokuk.—Eight or ten Lives Lost.—St. Louis, April 22.—About 5 o'clock, this evening, the steamboat Ocean Spray was totally destroyed by fire, about five miles above the city. Eight or ten lives are supposed to be lost. The burning boat floated against the steamboat Keokuk, lying at the shore above the city, and it was also totally destroyed. The Ocean Spray was valued at $35,000 and was insured for $25,000 in Pittsburg offices. The Keokuk was valued at $35,000, and had only $15,000 insurance.

Illinois Political Conventions—Springfield, Ill., April 22—The Buchanan and Douglas Democratic Conventions met here today and organized separately. In the former there were 28 counties represented. Resolutions were adopted strongly endorsing the Administration. In the Douglas Convention 97 counties were represented, and resolutions were adopted endorsing the course of the Illinois delegation in Congress. W. B. Fondy was nominated for State Treasurer, and Ex Governor French for Superintendent of Public Instruction. The Buchanan Convention postponed their nominations till the 8th of June.

Sad Effects of Religious Excitement.—The insanity of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Peck, of Providence, R. I., and the death of the latter, as the result of over excitement in religion, is mentioned in the Providence (R. I.) papers. The Post, giving an account of the circumstances before Mrs. Peck's death, says:—Both of them have felt much interest in the revival now progressing here, and recently have allowed religious subjects to so constantly press upon their thoughts as to prevent them from eating or sleeping without much regularity. Within a few days, both have manifested unmistakable signs of insanity—and Mr. Peck, when not under the influence of chloroform, has had to be handcuffed, to prevent him from injuring himself and those about him. Mrs. Peck, as is usual in such cases, believed that God had commanded her to fast, and has thus refused food for several days save on two occasions. She had also imagined that her children had been commanded to fast! insisted that they should refuse food, and was so reckless in her chastisement of them, when they disobeyed her, that she also had to be confined.

Spiritualism and Divorce.—At the recent Sandusky county Common Pleas, the case of Rosetta Kline vs. Barnhart Kline, for divorce and alimony, excited much interest. The case occupied two days. Mrs. K. charged that her husband had become a convert to spiritualism, in consequence of which he grew cross and morose to his family; and driven petitioner from her bed-room; and finally, when sick, and on a cold and stormy day, had expelled her from the house, thinly clad and almost destitute, and compelled her to seek refuge with the neighbors. This occurred about twenty years after their marriage. Some seventy witnesses were examined on both sides, and the character of the petitioner was admitted to be above reproach. Judge Taylor granted the divorce, and decreed Mrs. K. alimony to the amount of $3,000, and a restoration of the articles of household goods belonging to her at the marriage that yet remained.

Important Decision.—In the District Court of Alleghany county, Pennsylvania, held at Pittsburg, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, Mrs. Margaretta Hamilton sought to recover the guardianship of three of her children, aged, respectively, 13, 11 and 9 years, who, by their father's will, had been taken from her protection and confided to relatives of the father, to be brought up in the Protestant faith. The Court decided that the father had a right to "devise the custody of any minor child during his or her minority," to any person whatsoever, and as it was not shown that the children were in any way restrained of their liberty, the mother's application was not allowed, but the children were remanded to the custody of their uncle.

How Readily a Frenchman can Adapt Himself to a New Government.—There is a story of Pierri's arrest in Paris, that, if not true, is very well invented. He was seized only a few minutes before the attempt, and they had barely done searching him when the explosions were heard, upon which the prisoner exclaimed, "There! your Emperor has ceased to exist; you needn't trouble yourself about me." Whereupon one of the sergeants, struck with the idea that in this case Pierri might form part of the next provisional Government, addressed him with, "Well, sir, whatever happens, remember that I treated you like a gentleman."

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

OUR WANDERING HOME.

"Our Wandering Home" was steaming swiftly across the expanding Atlantic when I closed my previous "abstract." She was bound from Norfolk, Va., to China via Funchal, Madeira. Let us take a look at that wandering home of three hundred wandering souls.

The reader of the "Post" already knows her name, and I will now give him an idea of her size, appearance, &c. But before I do this, the thought suddenly strikes me that "The Post" has a vast circulation in rural districts, and that many of its readers having never seen even salt water, cannot be supposed to know enough about a ship to understand even the most carefully prepared description. I wish, therefore, to draw a comparison between the Powhatan and some familiar, every-day object, and thus prepare their minds for my imperfect picture. Let us take an oblong three-story house, deprived of its roof by some unfriendly whirlwind, and having windows only in the third story. Let this house be two hundred and seventy-five feet long, thirty-five feet high, and fifty feet wide. Now let it sink twenty feet into the ground, and build a flight of steps from the ground to the sill of one of the third story windows. These steps will be about ten feet high, and after ascending them to the window sill, we step down a short ladder, upon the third floor. This "third floor" is two hundred and seventy-five feet long by about fifty broad. Along its centre, from end to end, we cut out several square holes, at irregular intervals, down some of which we shove ladders ten feet long, and find that they rest upon the "second floor." We now point the muzzles of guns through the ten third story windows, (five on each side,) build a light flat roof seven feet above the *middle fifth* of the floor from wall to wall, a curved-roofed shed-room outside of this roof on each side, reaching nearly to the ground, bring up a huge smoke stack through one of the "square holes," just ahead of the light roof, put a heavy cannon on *one* end of the long floor, and another light flat roof seven feet high over the other end, stick three immense and branchless pine trees down three of the "square holes," at nearly equal intervals from each other, (say fifty feet,) and we have "rigged" the "third floor," which corresponds to the "spar deck" of the Powhatan.

Now let us go down one of those "ten-foot ladders," which we find "shipped" at an inclination of some 45 deg., and step upon the "second floor," which corresponds to our "berth deck." As you land upon this second floor you find it of the same dimensions as the upper one, and of an equal elevation—just high enough to let a tall man under a very tall hat pass along with several inches of safety between its crown and the ceiling. There are no windows to this second floor as yet, and all the light comes through the "square holes" with the ladders. The floor upon which you stand, however, is one or two feet above the ground, and so we cut twenty or thirty round holes about the size of one's head through each side of the house, about four feet above the floor, and screw brass-bound glass lights into them. These glass lights are taken out in fair weather for ventilation. Then we stoop down and cut other holes, smaller still, through the side and on a level with the floor, to let water run from. Now we divide this room, longitudinally, into three equal parts, cut other square or oblong holes through the floor, put down some more ladders, and descend to the "first floor." Here we step into a more confused region than that over head. You no longer have a floor two hundred and seventy-five feet long under you, nor your regular "six inches to spare" between the hat's crown and the ceiling. One can no longer stand upright even, there being but *five* feet six inches between the floor and ceiling. We are also under ground, and the only light must come from lamps or candles. This "first floor" is also a woefully cut-up place, which, added to the lamp-lit darkness, makes a stranger walk carefully for fear of thumping his head or shins. We find one-third of this floor—the middle third—cut out, and longitudinal partitions forming the end spaces thus left into two separate apartments. The space under the floors of these rooms are cellars, separated from the "middle cellar" by partitions. Thus we have three separate cellars, the bottoms of all of which are on the same level, while the middle one, in height, reaches up to the ceiling of the "first floor."

Let us now ascend to the third story, which we will hereafter call the "spar deck," and then come gradually down, explaining as we descend, until we reach the bottom of the cellars which are respectively called the "after run," the "engine and boiler rooms," and the "forward run."

As we ascend the last ladder and step upon the spar deck, we stamp our feet upon the heavy planks, and wonder at their being so solid, so ground-like, so different from the "giving" nature of a floor. Well may we wonder! they are five-inch pitch pine planks, bolted closely together over heavy cross timbers, and finally caulked and pitched along their seams until they form a flooring as solid and unyielding as a single mass of timber. We raise our eyes from this smooth, solid deck, and look *aft*, toward the "light roof, seven feet high," when the vision is arrested by a partition (bulkhead) descending from its nearest edge to the "solid deck." The space thus cut off from the "after end of the spar deck," is the Commodore's cabin, and the "light roof" which covers it is called the "poop deck." Immediately forward of the poop deck," (between us and it,) is seen one of the three "pine trees," which "stepping" upon the "keelson" that runs along the entire length of the "three cellars," comes up through each separate deck, and lifts its head some sixty feet above the spar deck. In passing through the different decks it is wedged very tightly, whereby it is firmly secured in an upright position, while at the same time the wedges being made to fit snugly between the mast and the deck, everything like a hole is wedged out. The heads of the wedges are then rounded off, and have painted canvas nailed over them to prevent water leaking through. The mast is also secured by heavy ropes from its upper end (head) to each side of the ship and elsewhere, after which other masts—each one lighter than the one below it—are reared upon it and similarly secured. Then these masts have each a "yard" rigged across it, and to these yards the sails are bent. The remaining two "pine trees" are similarly rigged as this one—the largest being in the centre of the ship, and the next largest a short distance from the bow. The one near the bow is called the "foremast," that in the centre (amidships) the "mainmast," and the one in the stern which I have been describing, the "mizzenmast." The vast amount of ropes by which they are *almost hid*, confuse and perplex the eye of the landsman, but the sailor can go among them in the darkest night, and pick out the one he wants with little or no difficulty.

Let us now turn upon our heel. As we revolve we see three heavy "broad-side guns" pointing their huge muzzles out of the windows (ports) on each side, and half blocking up the quarter deck with their cumbrous breeches. Forward of these we come to the gangways, up to one of which we built the steps from the ground. There are two of these "gangways," port and starboard, and they are directly opposite each other. As we stand with our back to the Commodore's cabin, that part of the ship on our right is the "starboard side," that on the left, the "port side;" and if we walk ahead we will be going "forward," while if we turn we shall be going "aft." Half way between the "gangways" we come to the mainmast, and two feet farther forward we get under the "hurricane deck." This is the first "light flat roof" spoken of, and by elevating our hands we can just touch its lower beams. It is a famous place for "the watch" to retreat under during rainy weather.

We walk forward about fifteen feet, and find ourselves under the centre of this deck. The "shaft" is now two feet below where we stand, and the wheels on each side of us are revolving in the "wheel houses" which were designated by the "shed-rooms" previously spoken of.—We look down an oblong hole, cut through the centre of the deck, (a hole some thirty feet by twenty,) and walled off by bulkheads from the rest of the space under the hurricane deck, and see to the very bottom of the "centre cellar," where massive engines and glowing furnaces, begrimed firemen and hissing cinders, compose a scene of almost infernal grandeur. It is the forward end of the engine room, and the "after fire-room" that we look down upon from this view, and now walking forward until we get from under the hurricane deck, we first pass the "smoke stack," and then reach another hatch, down which we look into the "forward fire-room." There we see other glowing furnaces and begrimed firemen, and some of these latter have just "hauled" one of the fires to rebuild it, and a pile of seething coals are glaring and hissing upon the damp iron flooring. Suddenly one of the men turns a neighboring hose upon the molten mass, when a dense, ascending volume of steam and dust and whirling cinders obstructs the vision, and warns us to look away before they fill our eyes.

We profit by this warning cloud, and as we turn away, see two other "broadside guns" on each side. These, added to the "three on a side" aft, make ten in all. We walk forward thirty or forty feet farther, and reach the foremast, directly forward of which, in the middle of the deck, is a huge black mass that reminds one very much of an elephant shrouded in a capacious black cover, to prevent his being seen by Young America as he passes through remote villages. We take off that black cover, and discover the "bow-chaser," an immense gun, working upon an iron pivot, which throws a shell of eleven inches diameter, over a space of *nearly five miles*. I say "nearly five miles," because this style of gun is but the recent offspring of advancing science, and we have not yet had time to determine the exact range. We only know that it has already thrown its mammoth messenger of ruin and woe *more than four and a-half miles*. Let us leave this ugly customer for the present, and descend to the berth deck (second story.)

Here we are now upon the berth deck, directly under the bow-chaser. We look aft, and see an apartment over a hundred feet long, and as wide as the ship has beam—from forty to forty five feet. The ceiling is seven feet high, and is composed of heavy beams, carlines, and the bottoms of the five inch planks upon which we walked while on the spar deck.—These beams and carlines extend "athwartships" (from side to side), and the heavy planking is bolted to them fore and aft (lengthwise.) Into the forward and after sides of these beams are screwed "hammock hooks" at intervals of fourteen inches, each man being allowed a space ten feet long and fourteen inches wide to sleep in. Indeed, it is not that much, as the hammocks *overlap* nearly half their length when hung up.

Close in along the sides of this apartment are stowed a succession of six-feet-by-two-chests, and above and back of these are hung a vast number of three-feet-by one-bags. The former of these belong to every "mess" of twelve men, and act the part of both china closet and larder; while one of the latter belongs to each man in the ship, and contains his clothes, &c., &c. Tin pots and pans are stowed in these "china closets," along with tin compartments for containing "the messes'" weekly allowance of sugar, tea, &c. Nearly two hundred souls "live and move and have their being" upon that crowded "berth deck." It is well cleansed and ventilated daily when the weather permits. The reader can better imagine than I can describe "the state of affairs" within its walled-in dimensions during hot weather, when two hundred men in wet clothes crowd down into it for shelter from a pelting rain.

Walking aft we leave this apartment behind, and pass through the machine-room where the firemen sleep, then over the engines by a narrow causeway-like passage into the "guard-room," where the "marines" vegetate. These are a most excellent body of men, and live thus separate from the crew, a trusty bulwark between the "officers" and the "men." In most ships, however, they mess upon the berth deck. We now pass between two oblong apartments, which are divided by athwartships bulkheads into several rooms of different sizes. These are the quarters of the "warrant officers," assistant engineers, forward officers, master's mates or midshipmen, &c., &c. Abaft of these is another athwartship bulkhead extending entirely across the ship, and thirty one feet abaft that is a second. This space which has a width of some forty feet, is lined on each side by five state rooms, the centre part forming a "mess-room." This apartment is called the "ward-room" or "gun-room," and is occupied by six lieutenants, a sailing-master, a purser, a surgeon, a marine officer, a chaplain, a chief engineer, a passed assistant surgeon, and an assistant surgeon, fourteen in all. As there are only ten rooms, however, the chief engineer and the assistant surgeons have quarters forward of the bulkhead, while one of the lieutenants is permitted to occupy a room in the Commodore's cabin until we get to China, and that officer comes on board. Should this houseless individual then be turned out of "the secretary's office," he will in turn go below and "hoist" the assistant surgeon, who in gloomy discontent will sleep in a cot, and exist about generally in spots. It is sincerely to be hoped, however, that this unsettled lieutenant may be allowed to retain his present delightful quarters, for two reasons. In the first place he is to be the Commodore's aid, (flag-lieutenant) and should, consequently, be near the person of his commander; and in the second place his name is—"John Smith." This thing of being "flag-lieutenant" is rather fine than otherwise. It excuses one from watch, and leaves you pretty much the master of your own time—a wonderful contrast to the endless vigil I had on board of that inapprehensible phenomenon, "the Old John." The reader must congratulate me upon this "change of life."

Let us now pass through the after ward-room bulkhead by a door which we must first unlock, into the Captain's cabin. This apartment is immediately below the Commodore's cabin; is some twenty feet by thirty in size, (including state-rooms on each side,) and has a round extension table in its centre. It is nicely carpeted and furnished by the Government, as is also the ward-room, but we ourselves must purchase with our own pay *everything else*. Beds, bed linen, table linen, crockery, everything in the shape of provisions, &c., &c., comes out of the scant pay of the naval officer. This is not generally known. Most people take it for granted that the Government pays our "mess-bill," and I once conversed with a Congressman who also thought that *our uniform* was furnished us. This is a fatal mistake. It operates more strongly than anything else to paralyze the action of Congress in our behalf. Naval officers are now the poorest class of men who move in polite society. Like the impoverished master of Caleb Balderstone, we "keep up appearances" at an endless sacrifice (of course I allude to the masses) of even the most ordinary comforts. The reader will probably see in some future "abstract," how we "entertain the authorities" of some particular port, simply because, as *American officers*, we have been entertained at the *expense of the community* by those authorities. Now, why should not the Navy Department pay for these returns to foreign attentions? But let us return to the "after-run." This space, as well as the "forward-run," is divided off into various "holds" for the stowage of water, provisions, powder, shot, &c., &c., and the apartment (called the "cock-pit") contained between its ceiling and the deck (floor) of the ward-room and cabin, furnishes rooms for the stowage of bread, sails, purser's clothing, officers' provisions, &c., &c. The similar apartment contained between the ceiling of the "forward-run" and the "berth deck" is devoted to the same purpose. It has also a general store-room and an armory in addition. All of these places have to be lighted by lamps, day and night. Thus ends my descriptive comparison between a house and a ship, and now let us go down the outside ladder to the ground and take a look at her, while I add a few words more about our guns, boats, &c. We commence with our elephant-like friend, the "bow-chaser," so called, because it is chiefly used to cripple a flying enemy.

The size of this enormous engine of modern warfare is in itself something grand. The iron of the gun alone weighs sixteen thousand pounds, and its double carriage twelve thousand more. Its "solid shot" measures thirty-three inches in circumference, and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, while its *shell*, when loaded, and fused, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Fifteen pounds of powder are required to project this iron globe, so pregnant with destructive power, and twenty-two strong men must cluster around the heavy tackles before they can point it in the right direction. No other war vessel *in the world* carries a gun of this vast bore.

The "broadside guns" are smaller, but even they are immense. They weigh nine thousand and odd pounds, (the guns with which the "Constitution" captured the "Guerriere," weighed something over three thousand,) and throw a shell of twenty-seven inches in circumference. So much for "our battery;" now we come to "our boats." These are nine in number, and the six largest are in themselves capable of saving the entire crew. Two of these—called the "wheel-house boats," from the fact of their being lashed bottom up upon those houses—are manned by an officer and twenty-one men each, and have mounted in their bows—just like the "bow-chaser"—a twelve pounder brass gun, that can be fired in any direction. Should we wish to use them for "coaling ship," we take out the gun, and carry ten or twelve tons in perfect safety; and were we in danger of shipwreck, they would save lives by the hundred, and carry water and provisions for a week. The unfortunate Central America should have had two such "wheel-house boats." Poor Herndon! I can see him now standing over his foundering ship, after saving the women and children, and longing for two such honest old boats to rescue the remaining passengers.

Our four next largest are the 1st and 2nd cutters, the barge, and the copper boat. These all hoist up outside of the ship, the two first being "working boats," the barge for the Commodore's sole use, and the copper boat for the use of the ward-room. Of the remaining three, one is the Captain's gig, one the 1st lieutenant's, and the last the dingy. This is a very small boat, and is generally pulled by two very small boys, universally encased in dangerously tight trowsers. Why is it that small sailor boys *always* wear such tight trowsers?

A BALLAD BY MACAULAY.

The Battle of Naseby, by Obadiah Bind-their-kings in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, Sergeant in Ireton's Regiment.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your route send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day in June
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astly and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode among us to form us for the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore
The cry of battle rises along their charging line
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravos of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on your flanks. Grasp your pikes:—Close your ranks,—
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here;—they rush on—We are broken—we are gone—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
Oh, Lord! put forth Thy might! Oh, Lord! defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound—the centre hath given ground—
Hark! Hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads predestined to rest on Temple-Bar,
And he—he turns and flies,—shame to those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho! comrades, scour the plain: and ere you strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your guests secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools, your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When ye kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, forever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford Halls; there is wail in Durham's Stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the Kings of earth, in fear, shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

ORIGIN OF "APRIL FOOL."—If credit may be reposed in the Public Advertiser, for April 13th, 1769, the "wrinkle" sprung from a Hebrew root. "It is said to have begun," says the priat in question, "from the mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the Ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month, among the Hebrews, which answers to our first of April. To perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand, similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch."—*Albany Journal*, 6th.

☞ Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious nature.—*Channing*.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

About three months since a young Parisian, travelling in Germany, took the road from Augsburg to Berlin. In the car he selected were four other persons, two mammas and two daughters, both very lovely. The two mothers were face to face in one corner, the young man took the opposite, and found himself face to face with the young ladies. The young man put on a distraught and absent air. The conductor came to demand the tickets. The young man paid no attention at all, when the request was many times repeated. Roused from his reverie in presence of the ladies, the young man had recourse to a ruse, to avoid exciting ridicule. "What are you saying?" said he. "Why do you not speak French?" The conductor then explained by signs, the ticket was changed, and the young man returned to his reverie. But not to enjoy it long, for this time the young ladies aroused him. They began in full voice.

"This young man is a very handsome one," said one.

"Hist, Bertha," said the other, with a sort of affright.

"Why, he doesn't know a word of German. We can talk freely. How do you find him?"

"Only ordinary."

"You are difficult. He has a charming figure, and distingue air."

"He is too pale, and, besides, you know I do not love dark."

"And you know I prefer dark to blonde. We have nothing but blonde in Germany. It is monotonous and commonplace."

"You forget that you are blonde.

"Oh, for women it is different. He has pretty moustaches."

"Bertha, if your mother should hear you?"

"She is busy with her talk, besides it is no hurt to speak of moustaches."

"I prefer the blonde moustaches of Frederick."

"I understand that; Frederick is espoused to you; but I, who am without a lover, am free to exercise my opinions, and I am free to say that this young man has beautiful eyes."

"They have no expression."

"You do not know, I am sure he has much spirit, and it is a pity he does not speak German; he would chat with us."

"Would you marry a Frenchman?"

"Why not, if he looks like this one, and was spirited, well born and amiable? But I can hardly keep from laughing. See, he doesn't mistrust what we are saying."

The young traveller was endowed with a great power of self-control, and he had preserved his absent and inattentive air all the time, and while the dialogue continued, he thought how curiously his attempt to avert a laugh, by pretending not to know German had resulted. He looked carefully at Bertha, and his resolution was taken. At a new station, the conductor came again for the tickets. Our young man, with extra elaboration and in excellent German, said:

"Ah, you want my ticket. Very well;—let me see; I believe it is in my port monnaie. Oh, yes, here it is."

The effect of the coup-de-theatre was startling. Bertha nearly fainted away, but soon recovered under the polite apologies of the young Frenchman. They were pleased with each other, and in a few weeks Bertha ratified her good opinion of the young man and her willingness to marry a Frenchman. They live at Hamburg.

O'CONNELL'S FIRST GREAT SUCCESS

Cardinal Wiseman says in his "Recollections:"—

"A gentleman, who, though he differed materially in politics and in religion from the illustrious Daniel O'Connell, enjoyed much of his genial kindness, and greatly admired his private character, told me that he received the following account from him of his first great success at the bar. He was retained as counsel in an action between the city of W—— and another party respecting a salmon-wier on the river. The corporation claimed it as belonging to them; their opponents maintained it was an open fishery. Little was known of its history further than that it was in the neighborhood of an ancient Danish colony. But it had always been known by the name of 'the *lax* weir,' and this formed the chief ground of legal resistance to the city's claim. Able counsel was urging it, while O'Connell, who had to reply for the city, was anxiously racking his fertile brains for a reply. But little relief came thence. 'Lax,' it was argued, meant loose; and loose was the opposite of reserved, or preserved, or guarded, or under any custody of a corporation. The point was turned every way, and put in every light, and looked brilliant and dazzling to audience, litigants, and counsel. The jury were pawing the ground, or rather shuffling their feet, in impatience for their verdict and their dinner; and the nictitating eye of the Court, which had long ceased taking notes, was blinking a drowsy assent. Nothing could be plainer. A *lax* weir could not be a *close* weir (though such reasoning might not apply to corporations or constituencies;) and no weir could have borne the title of lax, if it had ever been a close one. At this critical conjuncture some one threw across the table to O'Connell a little screwed-up twist of paper, according to the wont of courts of justice. He opened, read it, and nodded grateful thanks. A change came over his countenance: the well-known O'Connell smile, half frolic, half sarcasm, played about his lips; he was quite at his ease, and blandly waited the conclusion of his antagonist's speech. He rose to reply, with hardly a listener: by degrees the jury was motionless, the lack-lustre eye of the Court regained its brightness; the opposing counsel stared in amazement and incredulity, and O'Connell's clients rubbed their hands in delight. What had he done? Merely repeated to the gentlemen of the jury the words of the little twist of paper. 'Are you aware that in Danish *laxe* means salmon?' The reader may imagine with what wit and scorn the question was prepared, with what an air of triumph it was put, and by what a confident demolition of all the adversary's *lax* argumentation it was followed. Whether there was then at hand a Danish dictionary (a German one would have sufficed,) or the judge reserved the point, I know not; but the conjugation proved triumphant: O'Connell carried the day, was made standing counsel to the city of W——, and never after wanted a brief. But he sought in vain, after his speech, for his timely succorer: no one knew who had thrown the note; whoever it was he had disappeared, and O'Connell could never make out to whom he was indebted."

SPRING.

How awful is the thought of the wonders underground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound;
How each thing upwards tends by necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

The summer's in her ark, and this sunny-plumed day
Is commissioned to remark whether winter holds her sway.
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for Spring. HORACE SMITH.

HOW BYRON KEPT HIS FAT DOWN.

Byron had not damaged his body by strong drinks, but his terror of getting fat was so great that he reduced his diet to the point of absolute starvation. He was of that soft, lymphatic temperament, which it is almost impossible to keep within a moderate compass, particularly as, in his case, his lameness prevented his taking exercise. When he added to this weight, even standing was painful; so he resolved to keep down to eleven stone, or shoot himself. He said everything he swallowed was instantly converted into tallow, and deposited on his ribs. He was the only human being I ever met with who had sufficient self-restraint and resolution to resist this proneness to fatten. He did so; and at Genoa, where he was last weighed, he was ten stone and nine pounds, and looked much less. This was not from vanity about his personal appearance, but from a better motive; and as, like *Justice Greedy* he was always hungry, his merit was the greater. Occasionally he relaxed his vigilance, when he swelled apace. I remember one of his old friends, saying, "Byron, how well you are looking!" If he had stopped there it had been well; but when he added, "You are getting fat," Byron's brow reddened, and his eyes flashed, "Do you call getting fat looking well, as if I were a hog?" and, turning to me, he muttered, "The beast, I can hardly keep my hands off him." The man who thus offended him was the husband of the lady addressed as "Genevra," and the original of his "Zuleika," in the *Bride of Abydos*. I don't think he had much appetite for his dinner that day, or for many days, and never forgave the man who, so far from wishing to offend, intended to pay him a compliment. Byron said he tried all sorts of experiments to stay his hunger, without adding to his bulk. "I swelled," he said, "at one time, to fourteen stone, so I clapped the muzzle on my jaws, and, like the hibernated animals, consumed my own fat." He would exist on biscuits and soda water for days together; then, to allay the eternal hunger gnawing at his vitals, he would make up a horrid mess of cold potatoes, rice, fish, or greens, deluged in vinegar, and gobble it up like a famished dog. On either of these unsavory dishes, with a biscuit and a glass or two of Rhine wine, he cared not how sour, he called feasting sumptuously. Upon my observing he might as well have fresh fish or vegetables, instead of stale, he laughed, and answered, "I have an advantage over you: I have no palate. One thing is as good as another to me." "Nothing," I said, "disagrees with the natural man. He fasts and gorges: his brains don't bother him; but if you wish to live?" "Who wants to live?" he replied. "Not I. The Byrons are a short-lived race on both sides, father and mother. Longevity is hereditary; I am nearly at the end of my tether. I don't care for death a d——; it is her sting! I can't bear pain." By starving his body, Byron kept his brains clear. No man had brighter eyes or a clearer voice; and his resolute bearing and prompt replies, when excited, gave to his body a muscular power that imposed on strangers. I never doubted, for he was indifferent to life, and prouder than Lucifer, that, if he had drawn his sword in Greece, or elsewhere, he would have thrown away the scabbard.—*Trelawney's Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron, (published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.)*

INVENTION OF BALLOONS.—The admirers of crinoline will be proud to learn that the invention of balloons is owing to a similar contrivance. The French give a curious anecdote of a simple occurrence which led the inventor of such machines—Montgolfier—to turn his attention to the subject. It is to this effect: A washerwoman of the Rue aux Juifs, in the Marais, placed a petticoat on a basket-work frame, over a stove, to dry. In order to concentrate all the heat, and to prevent its escaping at the top, she drew the strings closely together which are used to tie it round the waist. By degrees, the stuff dried, became lighter, and the stove continuing to heat and rarify the air concentrated under the frame-work, the petticoat began to move, and at last rose in the air. The washerwoman was so astonished that she ran out to call her neighbors; and they, seeing it suspended in the air, were amazed. One individual, however, a simple paper-maker from Annonay, named Montgolfier, as much astonished but more sensible than the others, returned home, and without loss of time, studied the work of Priestly, on different kinds of atmospheres. The result was the discovery of the first balloon, called Montgolfier's, of which he was the inventor. As the nautilus probably gave the idea of a sailing vessel, so also do very simple causes often produce great and unexpected results.—*Chambre's "Recollections."*

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death.
—*Mrs. Browning.*

YOU KISSED ME.

[We see it stated that the following rather extravagant poem, is by Miss Josie S. Hunt, of Claremont, N. H., and originally appeared in the *Crusader of Freedom*:—]

You kissed me! My head had drooped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest;
While the holy emotion my tongue dared not speak,
Flushed up, like a flame, from my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—Oh! your arms were so bold,
Heart beat against heart in their passionate hold;
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies;
And your lips clung to mine, till I prayed in my bliss,
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart and my breath and my will
In delirious joy for the moment stood still;
Life had for me then no temptations—no charms—
No vista of pleasure—outside of your arms;
And were I this instant an angel, possessed
Of the glory and peace that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes unreprivingly down,
And tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in the haven of rest,
With your lips upon mine, and my head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a foolish man drunken with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then, if death
Would come while my mouth was yet moist with your breath;
'Twere delicious to die, if my heart might grow cold
While your arms wrapt me round in that passionate fold.
And these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my life taste but *once* such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then?
And if you were here, would you kiss me again?

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

My little stock of money expended, and no situation obtained, I had no resource save one; that was to sell my clothing. This I had to do for about one-fourth of the value. That amount again gone, and still no situation obtained, I began to inquire of myself whether it would not be a good thing to learn to work. What, I said, is there to prevent me from becoming as apt at physical labor as others? Many men, far smaller and weaker than I am, earn good wages at it; why not I? Another thing—it appears a most independent sort of life. Now, I must have a character, and be just this and just that; whereas, if I could work at some of these common occupations, I should be able to regard everybody's opinion about me, their "characters," with contempt. I should be thoroughly quit of all this tyranny of opinion. All that would be required of me would be to do the work; and, so far as I am concerned, the cash agreed on for it would be quite satisfactory payment; I think I could do without their good opinion. Besides, there is so much more of ordinary labor to be got at. As a clerk, once out of a situation, I may be out for months; as a laboring hand, if one job ended at night, no matter how, I could get another in the morning. Do I not see it so in the case of others? These considerations sufficed; but chiefly that one which had respect to the independence of the ordinary laborer's life in Sydney. In America, by a most excellent custom, young men both learn to work and become scholars; whereas, in Britain and its colonies, those of North America alone excepted, physical labor is looked at by the educated class as degrading. I had the feeling myself, up to this period; and yet held conversely in principle. I had met with a story in one of my reading books in my earliest schooldays, of a nobleman who had had his sons trained to trades; and how, by-and-bye, they having, through some political change, lost their fortunes, those trades enabled them to maintain themselves and their families in plenty and comfort, whereas, but for those trades, all their subsequent lives, and those of their wives and their children, must have been calamitous and miserable. The idea, therefore, took immediate root in this friendly soil. And the adverse feeling instantly gave way before the more strenuous one of exultation at the prospect of being independent, and setting the tyrannous opinions of others at defiance. Meantime, I overlooked entirely all the disadvantages and vexations of the new mode of life. I had not then discovered one of the most indisputable facts of human existence in this world—that about an equal amount of trouble appertains to each station; that Providence, in its process of cultivating the strength, the patience, the faith, the fortitude of man, has wisely ordained that no order of persons, no station, no circumstance, shall be without its peculiar and sufficient burden; and that no one can escape his task in one form or other—Unless, indeed, it be at those set seasons known only by God, and by Him only ordained, when of special purpose a sort of holiday is given; and for a time the moral agent is made to find duty and enjoyment so consistent, that his whole being harmonizes, as it were, into a totality of sentiment, and consolidates into a more advanced form of definite character.

My resolve formed, I was not dilatory in executing it. Often throughout the day a skiff, plying as a ferry boat, was wont to shoot across the mile of water separating Sydney from what is called North Shore; and from almost the water's edge, for many miles back, the woods, I was told, were full of the huts of persons getting out timber of every description; hewers, whip-sawers, splitters, &c. To these I determined to make my way. Almost my last shilling was drawn out to pay for my farriage. Unfortunately, in my hurry to work out my plan, I overlooked the importance of asking which was the best road to take. I took the most unfrequented one, which led away over a very barren, bush-timbered track. For miles only low scrub and dwarf trees covered the face of the country.

At length toward night I reached one of the regular Australian bush huts. I came suddenly to a bold fall of the ground; in the valley, wound along a narrow but deep line of water, already obscure with the shadows of evening; by its side stood the hut. Some men were loading a boat with wood for sale at Sydney. To them I made my way. To them, after some conversation, I told my project. They seemed, however, not inclined to treat it with any seriousness; but laughed at it. One of them remarked that my hands did not look as if I knew much about hard work; another said that neither if I tried it would I find it a thing worth knowing much about: a third insisted that I was "only poking fun" at them. The three were all there were. At length I succeeded in convincing them that I was in earnest: and one of them, who I found was the "boss," or in the phrase of the colony, the master, said I must stay with him that night, and if I chose, try in the morning what I could do at the cross-cut saw.

This man was, as I afterwards learned, one of the most extraordinary of workers. He was certainly two fifths of his own height (which could have been but little beyond five feet) across the shoulders. The water beside which he was living was almost at the head of the cove that runs out from the harbor at Sydney; and following the detour of the channel must be, I think, eleven or twelve miles from the Market Wharf where he unloaded his wood. Yet every tide did he make a trip, pulling long, heavy oars with three tons of wood in the boat, beside loading and unloading:—two trips up and down, or to strike an average, about forty-six miles: and that, not all at once; but just going day and night, as the tides served. When he got home he usually set to work chopping till he wanted to load, and when loaded started again. Thus he kept on day and night for weeks together. He used to sleep, I suppose, as he went: ten minutes here and ten minutes there, just as he could not help it. But to bed he certainly never went for days and nights together. His strength was just such as might be imagined to belong to such a man: if his boat got aground he would go and put his hand under the nose of it, and give himself a jerk upward, and away would go the boat like a child's toy into deep water; a single touch of his hand checking its ponderous impetus again when it was far enough, with no more show of exertion than if he were lifting a feather.

Free quarters in the bush is the everywhere prevalent law in Australia. For the first time during many weeks, after a wholesome supper, I lay down to sleep amidst neither noise nor a music worse than the noise. My host had gone off with his perpetual boat. I woke not till morning.

By the time breakfast was ready, he was back from Sydney. He came in quite composed, unharrassed, and good-humored. After the meal he conducted me over the river to a spot where he had a man at work riving palings.—Here a cross-cut was produced, and I made my first attempt in the woods. I found no difficulty in learning the movement; and I had spirit enough to sustain me under the toil, severe as such toil is, when first he commences, to one entirely unhabituated to it But there was one trouble I found it required all my resolution to undergo without flinching—my hands soon became full of blisters, and before night the blood was squeezing out from between my fingers. An appetite such as I had never indulged the most distant hope of possessing, was a somewhat more agreeable addendum to the day's acquirements. The finest of beefsteaks, the regular bush "damper" baked in the ashes, tea strong as brandy and sweet as syrup, were the meal:—one always to be met with in the bushman's huts.

I recollect as perfectly as if it were not a minute since, my train of thought that evening after I lay down to rest. Nearly forty years have passed, yet I recall it all with the vividness of present consciousness. It would seem that the most famous attribute of the soul is not appreciated by us when acting in the most extraordinary of its uses. Is not all the greatness of the soul left untold till we add that we can unshackle ourselves from the laws of time and space, so that at our command the distant shall be here, and the long-past be with us again? What a voucher for its immortality! Where is there a man of scientific training but will see, that the thing which can thus bound forth beyond the laws of time and space, can by no means be a thing of time and space itself;—can never die with the dying corporal frame its servitor, which hath no power whatsoever to go back even so little as one millionth part of a moment into the past; or to be even so little as one millionth part of a hair's breadth away from where it is?

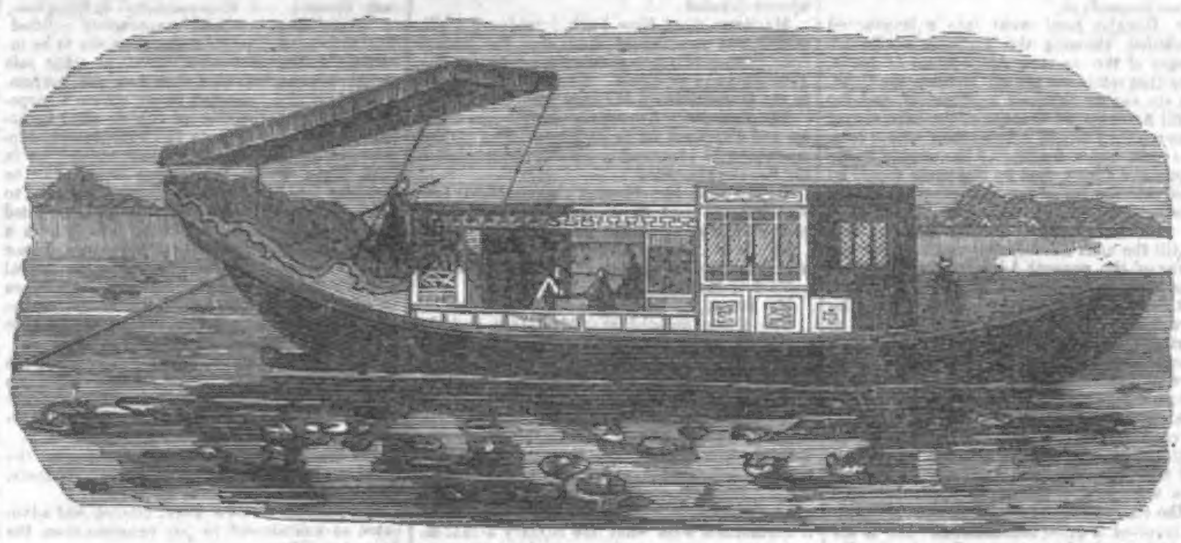
How many a long past day returned that night, and produced anew its consciousness and its sensations. I had said to myself, I know not from what motive, that I would trace back my life from that hour through all its varying scenes. First received the infernal spectacles of my last place of abode: then the old miller and his counsels: and the question, whether I had not realized his foreboding, and done immeasurably worse than I needed: and at what instance?—that of vagrant impulse. Then repassed before me the solitary stockman and his quiet hut, and the scenes and silence of the ancient wood clad wilderness I had attempted to pierce:—the farm, the court-house, the forlorn night of travel, and the flight from Sydney; the evil days and nights preceding it; the factory, the mill, the voyage, the peril in the Downs, the escape from the military: and the helpless, fast-failing girl, perhaps at that very instant drawing toward the close of a long, long, sleepless, weary night on her narrow pallet in the dim-lighted, death-guarded ward of some consumption hospital:—no more gathering of cowslips and violets in her father's fields, and skipping home at set of sun to her mother like a thing new dropped from heaven; no more being sought for all over the house and grounds if missed for a few minutes: no more smile and wonder at the dainty beauty of the frame in which she found herself tabernacled; no more heart's delight in the bonnet; no more trust in the graceful shawl:—but only the bitter potion, the exhausting cough, the pain-racked side, the sighing, sobbing heart; the death-rattle at some fellow sufferers couch not far away along through the dreary watches of the night, for the ear; and for the eye, soon after dawn of day, a long, stiff shape, in a white sheet, hauled off by the corners between two cadaverous dead-house men, unwholesome churls, from whose infamous touch dying womanhood would imagine her very corpse to start and struggle with shrieks and shame and dismay. Whilst here was I, at all events, on the threshold of a new life, which, whatever it might be in outward seeming, was fully felt by the inner man to be a nobler and a stronger one than I had ever lived before. If I breathed not a sigh over the doomed, reader, it was because my emotion had too little of piety in it to be so spoken; was too full of impious rebellion against the wisdom of heaven. Why was that delicate piece of living statuary, so new from the hand of the glorious and mysterious Form-giver, to be marred and shattered thus?—whilst I, the common and uncouth, the reckless, the useless, the stubborn, drinking, without being driven to it like her by shame, the victim not of others' worthlessness, but of my own—why was I so favored, whilst she sank lost in such an atrocious gulf? Alas!—such was only too surely the critique of finite folly on the work of the Infinite in power and wisdom. Might not all that anguish be the separating of the gold from the dross by a fiercer fire than my less sterling nature could have endured? And is not the finding joy in having escaped beyond the sphere of a sin already found burdensome, the first budding of a repentance which promises good fruits? If so let us hope there is another Magdalene in heaven. But how conspicuous to us do such things make the contempt with which that mysterious Form-giver regards the material works of His hands when brought into competition with the soul? What a priceless thing must the soul be, when in his path to save it, beauty's own painter dashes down and tramples into the foulest places his own ineffable imaginings.

But I saw not this then; and choking with the impotent vexation of my own unwisdom, I pursued my revision of the past; my long, unworthy career in London; its shameful commencement; my abandonment of home and friends; and the disappearance of the bright, pure star of love undefiled, behind the storm clouds of the lower tempest-swept sphere, where my spirit had chosen its home—my mother's early grave, our last hour's pleasant chat suddenly broken up by the mortal seizure, which left no time for even a parting kiss, or the short word "Farewell;" and back—back—back to the days dimly and yet more dimly discerned, when I could see myself the veriest of youngsters playing among the childishest toys on the floor.

It was thus, that ere I slept, I ended that evening's rumination. What an extraordinary change; what vicissitudes! It would be vain to try to imagine where all this will end Meantime I cannot write home; I cannot tell them how things are going with me; and henceforth I will not be so cowardly as to utter a lie. I'll ask from society only what of its own selfish inclination it will be sure to grant—some hard work that it wants done so badly that for its own sake it will be glad to get me to do it. I'll fight my way up to independence by labor. I'll defy man. I'll defy everything.

In comment on this I have to say, that nevertheless, when a sufficient temptation appeared, I did submit to the cowardice of lying; though from this period I no sooner told a lie, than I put it out of my thoughts; would not think of it; hated myself. And further, as to this aversion to everything like control and interference with my free-agency, I fear it had got to the full extent of actual monomania; positive mental disease: and I have no doubt it was in a great degree consequential to that intense longing for liberty, which accompanied the too great restraint of my earlier years. But there was one good characteristic of what was now going on within me. I had begun to reflect, determine, will, and act consectively. Built it was but a beginning: and the progress forward was so slow, that up to this day I am no adept in fitting action to the demands of the time and the case.

In the morning I proceeded with my new task: and so continued to do for an entire week. The blisters were almost gone. I felt that I should not fail for want of anything in myself. But here I met with disappointment in a form I had never anticipated. The man I worked with told me I had done as well as could be expected from one hitherto only accustomed to read work; but that after all, it made his work go so slowly that he had not done anything like his full complement that week. Consequently, he must have another mate. Feeling the impropriety of attempting to alter his resolve, I took for my share of the earnings what was left after he was fully satisfied, and once more bent my course toward Sydney. I cannot say I felt very much vexed at the event; for I felt as if a little respite from such a drilling in that hot climate had become almost necessary. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



CHINESE PLEASURE-BOAT.

THE PRESS IN ANCIENT ROME.

Under this somewhat paradoxical heading, the *Ausland*, one of the most prominent periodicals of Germany, publishes some notices which throw quite an unexpected light on several peculiar features of Roman life hitherto not sufficiently pointed out by the most sagacious writers on Roman antiquity. The matter is interesting enough, showing as it does that only as late as in the nineteenth century modern civilization has, by the aid of steam and electricity, distanced in no great degree Roman civilization. The writer in the *Ausland* starts with the statement that in the time from Cicero up to Marcus Aurelius, scarcely less has been written and read than in our days. For this great extent of knowledge he accounts by some peculiar domestic institutions of Rome, not to be met with in the later periods of European history. Certainly there was no copyright in Rome in the meaning of modern law, but copyright existed as a matter of fact. Drawing off a single copy of a book would have proved far more expensive to an individual than it did to the publisher carrying on his trade on a large scale. Hence the multiplying of manuscripts was not performed by transcribing singly, but by simultaneously dictating to a large number of copyists. These copyists were slaves, and their labor was so exceedingly cheap as to supersede in many respects the work of machines. In extensive publishing establishments there was often dictation to several hundred slaves at once. This circumstance may, at the same time, account for the very numerous mistakes in manuscripts of those times, which originated not so much in the similarity of grammatical forms, but of association. There is one other point to be considered. The kind of letters used in books were, as regards shortness and conciseness, equally proportioned to common current hand, as are the modern types to usual handwriting. Very numerous short hand abbreviations sought in the public schools were employed, by dint of which copyists by profession obtained almost an incredible degree of dispatch and celerity. Martial tells us that the second book of his epigrams, which numbers some 650 verses, did not cost more than about one hour to the copyist. Should it be supposed that there were simultaneously dictated to but 300 copyists, more than 1,500 copies of that book could have been easily obtained in one day, which proves to be more than the printing press could afford but a century ago. True, the rapidity of book manufacturing was productive of great incorrectness, but slave labor being so exceedingly cheap, it greatly lowered the prices of literary productions. Martial's Xenia, which, if liberally printed, will fill two printsheets, and if compressedly printed, but one sheet, would then cost twenty-five cents. Of this Martial grievously complains; he thinks the bookseller could easily afford to sell the pamphlet at half this price, still doing a profitable business, and giving thereby his work a larger circulation. From some remarks of Martial, it may be gathered with certainty that authors received their regular fees from publishers. Wealthy statesmen, like Cicero, did not, as in our time, come in for a remuneration of their literary lucubrations. Authors of fame were constantly bored for manuscripts. The passion for novelties was as buoyant as in modern time. This caused the bulk of literature to increase at a very rapid rate, and the satirists of the day were rich in commenting on the mania for writing and reading, and it is mentioned by them that the cheese-mongers were not the least among the customers of the publishers. The bookstores and public libraries connected with reading-rooms were the rallying points and rendezvous of the literati. From Publius Victorinus we learn that during the second and third century after Christ, there were in Rome alone, twenty-nine public libraries, many of which, as to the number of books, equalled the celebrated Alexandrian Library, which is supposed to have contained 700,000 volumes. From this, the extent of literature and want for reading may be easily concluded. In the writings of the architect Vitruvius, we see it stated that every Roman possessed of moderate means, had his separate library room in his house, and that a great many private libraries contained from twenty to thirty thousand volumes.

BUTTERING CATS' FEET.—Upon a recent occasion, on bringing a full-grown cat home, I desired my servant to take every precaution to prevent puss from attempting to return to her old domicile. This my servant informed me could be effected by *buttering the cat's feet!*—Accordingly, pussy's feet were smeared with butter; and being kindly treated, she never strayed away.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ A man who accustoms himself never to be pleased, is very fortunate—as he can never be in want of subjects for his displeasure.—*Hunter.*

AN OLD MAID'S RETROSPECTIONS.

BY RUTH BUCK.

I look into the dreamy past, and see—what do I see?
They look like visions now, but *then*, how real were they to me!
I see my girlhood full of hope, my lover true and brave;
In fancy still I hear his vow, as a pledge of truth he gave.
It was a ring: he smiling said: "'Twill serve to guard the space
Upon thy finger, till I put another in its place."
That first love-gift, see, here it is—Oh, what a slender band
Though tethered by a golden chain to this poor withered hand.

And it was in that girlish time when I perchance might see
A youthful mother's glance of pride at the babe upon her knee,
I envied her that happiness, and oh, my heart beat wild
That I might one day be the matron mother of *his* child.
'Twas woman's nature in me spoke; but scarcely had the thought
Been formed, ere maiden pride and shame a mingled color brought:
Vain was the guiltless blush, for though these hopes of mine might seem
So near fulfillment then, alas, they proved indeed a dream.

Too poor to wed, my lover true, left his own native strand,
Thinking to win a home for me in a far distant land.
Years passed: he wrote that silver threads were mingling with his hair.
They were in mine—those fruits from seed sown by the hand of Care.
Now, whiter than the snow-clad hill, or foam that crests the wave,
Are my thin locks; his weary head rests in a foreign grave.
Ay, maidens, you may sigh; God grant that happier be your lot;
For me, no power could make me wish this true-love dream forgot.

But after all my pains, my fears, my visions of the past,
One ever-present hope of mine will be fulfilled at last;
And I am happy, for I know my bridal draweth nigh—
A union, purer, holier far in realms beyond the sky.
In every dream by night and day I hear again *his* voice;
I fancy that he beckons me, and calls me to rejoice;
That, when my eyes to earth are closed, my truly-loved will be
The first by the Eternal sent to meet and welcome me. —*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE CIRCASSIAN WIVES.—The Circassians do not rigidly seclude their women in the harem. The females go about in their villages and fields with unrestrained freedom. It is a peculiar feature in their manners, however, that married persons seldom see each other in the course of the day. They have a feeling that the habit of constant intercourse would be effeminate, and unfavorable to the continuance of that mutual affection which they think is preserved in stronger odor by a systematic separation during the working hours of the day. So much is this the case, that the woman who does not conceal herself from a stranger, will instantly hasten to her own apartment to hide from her husband, if she happen to see him returning home before the usual hour of meeting. Perhaps it is coquetry, on her part, to cherish the romance of her antenuptial dreams. Nor can it be denied that those of our firesides are generally the most prolific of delicious repose, from which the husband is detained by professional duties during the hours that intervene between the morning and evening meals. A similar custom existed among the Lacedæmonians; and Lycurgus, with a view to chase away all effeminacy from his community, thought fit even to enforce the practice by law.

SHELLEY AND SUICIDE.—Shelley writes to Trelawney as follows:—

"You, of course, enter into society at Leghorn: should you meet with any scientific person capable of preparing the prussic acid, or essential oil of bitter almonds, I should regard it as a great kindness if you could procure me a small quantity. It requires the greatest caution in preparation, and ought to be highly concentrated; I would give any price for this medicine; you remember we talked of it the other night, and we both expressed a wish to possess it; my wish was serious, and sprung from the desire of avoiding needless suffering. I need not tell you I have no intention of suicide at present, but I confess it would be a comfort to me to hold in my possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest. The prussic acid is used in medicine in infinitely minute doses: but that preparation is weak, and has not the concentration necessary to medicine all ills infallibly. A single drop, even less, is a dose, and it acts by paralysis."

FLOWERS.

"Oh, they look upward in every place,
In this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as the smile on an old friend's face,
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers."

Who does not love them, the dear familiar buds and blossoms? Not only the rare and costly exotics of the greenhouse, but the wild flowers in wood and field, and the hardy common plants growing in every cottage garden. If I must choose between them, give me the dear old *home flowers*, so well known to us all the seeds of which are handed down from generation to generation, like Mother Goose's Melodies, for the benefit of children—and of their nurses, too

Who can feel dull or despondent while looking upon a border of the lovely little "Johnny-Jump-Ups?" They seem to shake their merry little heads at all care and grief, and we must smile from sympathy.

The perfume from a bed of "Evening Beauties" ever brings to mind the many happy sunset hours spent in our dear old garden, long, long ago. Many a gay plume have I formed of their variegated blossoms, by stringing them upon stems of grass; first one red, then white, then speckled, and so on, until it was fit for the cap of an officer.

Did you never set up a shoe store in the garden, of a summer evening, and fill your tiny shelves with most beautiful little slippers, ruthlessly torn from the stalk of the gay but scentless "Lady's Slipper?" Well, I have, and each well matched pair would bring me in at least one round clover-leaf; the only coin taken at our frail counters.

The gaudy Hollyhock has yielded many a cheese for cosy little make-believe teas, all set out on a low seat in the summer-house, with a napkin for a tablecloth, a large brown acorn doing duty as a teapot, spout and handle being formed of brown straws; sugar dish, cream-pot, cups and saucers, all a beautiful match—The said cheese, being the only thing eatable, was greatly valued, and many a tall stalk had to be stripped of its gay burden to supply the demand.

The humble Dandelion was always a great treasure; first its star-shaped blossom shone out upon us in the old meadow, where we were sent to gather greens in the early spring morning And when, a few weeks later, its head had turned gray, we delighted in blowing away the "old witches," as we then called them.—How we drew in our breath for a long blow! so much depended upon it, for just so many puffs as it took to dislodge the last piece of down, just so many years must it be ere we would marry, and we were some half-dozen years old! The long, tube-like stems were made into beautiful flaxen ringlets, by splitting them with our tongues, and then drawing them slowly between our lips. We considered these quite ornamental when placed above our own dark locks, and felt much injured when requested to leave them at the door.

Bless the sweet faces of the wild Blue Violets! their familiar faces still peep at us as we pass, and we feel like begging their pardon for beheading so many of their ancestors as we did, but it was *such fun* to wring their necks, and see who could pull off the most heads, or rather we caused them to pull off each other's heads, by hooking their crooked necks together, and by giving a sudden jerk, *one must* come off. We will do so no more.

What child has not wondered why the Morning-Glories did not open the night before? How often we resolved to get up "ever so early" and see them opening, and how disappointed to find them all wide awake and staring at us with their round, blue eyes, even before the sun himself had risen. We might watch them as closely as we would all day, and we could not see them moving, and yet by noon they were all closed, and then we snapped them against our foreheads. Well do we remember the sting of the bee, who had tarried too long at the cup, and thus became a prisoner within.

All these are pleasant memories: for time deadens the sting but leaves the joys of childhood still fresh as the flowers that still bloom in our paths.

Fennel and Thyme have a Sabbath smell about them. What quantities we used to carry to church with us, and exchange it for Pinks and Spearmint with the children in the next pew. When these were all devoured, how rapidly we turned over the leaves of our mother's hymn-book to eat the rose leaves purposely placed there for that purpose, the evening before.

Children, like mice, must be nibbling, and for that very reason we always detested Old-man and Bachelors-Buttons; we never took *them* to church.

Charming wreaths—pink, white and blue—formed of the Larkspur, marked our places in the Bible; and how often were we engaged in comparing wreaths, when we should have been looking over our Sabbath school lessons. One poor, dry, withered wreath I still keep in my old Sabbath school Bible; and I often look at it, as my children form fresh ones. They little dream of the value I set upon my faded wreath; but they will perhaps understand at twenty years from now. Let them enjoy the "bright, bright flowers," the "sere and yellow leaf" comes soon enough.

The heavy headed Poppy nods lazily in many a garden. Let it remain there, for if plucked from the stem its leaves soon fall, if allowed to ripen in the sun, the children will be sure to find, in place of the flower, a fine, strong "pepper-box" filled with tiny seeds. They will find use for it—let children alone for that.

Of all the Rose family, give me the common old-fashioned hundred leafed rose. What child does not love it best, from the first small bud, to the red seed cup still clinging to the brown bushes when the leaves are all gone! Many a bright necklace has been strung from them in mid-winter by busy little urchins who scarcely know how to wait for spring-time and the "bright, bright flowers."

The Marigold, the Lady in the Green, Ragged Sailors, Painted Ladies, and many others, deserve notice as members of the family of old-fashioned garden flowers: but a volume might be filled, did we go into the merits of each and all. Bless each well-remembered leaf and bud. May others enjoy them as I have done, and still do, and they will forgive me for writing so dull an article in praise of "the bright, bright flowers." AUNT ALICE.

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD BILL POSTPONED.

DEFEAT OF THE POLICE BILL.

KANSAS AGAIN.

SENATE.

On the 17th, Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, made an earnest endeavor to take up the Deficiency Appropriation Bill

Mr. Trumbull said that the belief exists that much of this deficiency arises from contracts having been entered into without the sanction of law, and from a usurpation on the part of the Government in quartering an army in Kansas, and sending another to winter in the Rocky Mountains.

Finally, the bill was made the special order for Monday, at half-past 12 o'clock.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, previously moved to amend by adding an additional section, that no contract be henceforth entered into by any officer of the Government, except under law, or under an appropriation adequate for its fulfillment. The act of May 1st, 1820, so provides, except in the Quartermaster's Department, and Mr. Hale's amendment is intended to cover that omission.

The Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, considered it obvious that Congress cannot agree on any route; with diminished treasury loans and prospective expenses, he could not believe that Senators imagine they can pass the bill. He would therefore move as a test vote, that the further consideration of the bill be postponed until December next.

Mr. Gwin said that he would consider such a vote as an indication that the Administration does not intend to give any aid to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, and as a violation of all the pledges of 1856.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, said that the spirit of sectionalism was so strong that there is no hope of a route offering justice to the South; he would therefore vote for the motion to postpone.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, moved that the eastern terminus be in Arkansas, opposite Memphis. He spoke in favor of the El Paso route.

Mr. Broderick, of California, reminded the Administration opponents of the bill that the vote of California was given to Mr. Buchanan on the faith of a Pacific Railroad. As to the extreme southern route, we might as well have a railroad to the moon, inasmuch as it would cost equal to carry it from the South of California to South Francisco.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, was in favor of the construction of the railroad, and believed it was constitutional to make such a contract. The Government now pays a million and three hundred thousand dollars annually for carrying the mails from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Thus, before thirty years it will have expended at the present rates, fifty millions of dollars; while the railroad will cost only twenty-five millions, which is the most economical the Senate and the country can adopt.

Mr. Iverson then explained his plan, which had been voted down. It was a compromise line, the Big Sioux being on a parallel with Chicago, the middle of the line being within the reach of St. Louis, and the southern line crossing the Rio Grande, somewhere at Albuquerque, and might connect with the Texan lines; thus giving a connection with all the railroad systems of the country. But as the numerical strength of the North offered but a slight chance of justice to the Southern interest, he would vote for the postponement of the bill until December.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, did not like to hear the issue raised on this question of North and South, for the reason that if the road be built at all, it will be for the benefit of all. We believed in justice though the heavens fall. We can have but one road, hence the central route offers, most nearly, equal justice to the North and the South. The course of the trunk line is comparatively unimportant to the public interests, but the location of the termini is important. This bill locates the western terminus at San Francisco, but leaves a floating margin for the eastern terminus. The reason that no eastern terminus is named is because by naming any particular terminus we would lose votes, and hazard the loss of the bill. While he wished to co-operate in the great work of connection with the Pacific, he could not do it with this suppression, which was virtually a fraud. If we designate San Francisco as the western terminus we should also designate the eastern, or specify neither.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, said that the sentiment of the State of Massachusetts approaches unanimity in favor of the Pacific Railroad, and he would say she had nothing of that sectional feeling that had been represented. The people of Massachusetts are a commercial and manufacturing people, and in favor of the best route, North or South; for, whichever way, it will most benefit them. But he would vote to postpone the bill for the reason that we have nothing yet to act understandingly upon. There is a diversity of opinion in the country. The work is a stupendous undertaking, every dollar spent thereon will be sunk, and it will not pay for running. But such a road binds the country together, hence we can afford to sink the money in it. Railroads are necessities, but the capital expended therein does not remunerate. Nine hundred millions have been invested in railroads, and to-day they are only worth three hundred and fifty millions, yet they have increased the wealth of the country hundreds of millions. The treasury is, however, in no condition to undertake this or any other great national work. We are fastening on with expenditures greater than at any period of our history. Our duty is therefore to husband the resources of the country. We are hardly out of a great crisis. The commerce and manufactures are depressed, and there is no capital to invest. He did not believe either the northern or southern capitalist would be induced to invest, hence the organization of a company will pass into the hands of bankrupt backs, both commercial and political—irresponsible parties without character, who will damn the whole concern. When the Government and the people are out of debt, we may then find responsible capitalists to undertake the work, appreciating the magnitude of the enterprise.

Mr. Douglas had witnessed with deep regret the indications of a defeat of the Pacific Railroad this session. All the Presidential candidates were pledged to it. It was almost the only question in the last campaign on which there was universal unanimity. It is strange that a measure so long before the country should be made the subject of such disagreement. If the bill is not the best that can be made, let it be modified, let all unite in the great object of connecting the Mississippi Valley with the Pacific. The committee have already given the bill the most careful consideration, and it is the best bill ever offered on the subject. The bill is fair in its location. It fixes the termini and leaves the selection of the route to capitalists, who have to put their money in it for weal or woe. San Francisco is the great centre of the Pacific commerce, and no system is complete unless it reaches there. Hence it was made the terminus. As to the other terminus it is essential that it should be connected with the navigable waters of the Mississippi. El Paso is a thousand miles in the interior, requiring a railroad to reach it. He had no objection to Mr. Iverson's route, but by definitely fixing any point it would divide the friends of the measure. For a northern and southern route, his opinion was for Mr Stevens's northern and the Albuquerque southern route. But if there be one road as the public interest indicates, that shall be as near the heart and centre of the republic as possible. It is a great national measure—the greatest now before the country, and the country has now arrived at that point when each and every interest demands it.

Mr. Douglas here went into a lengthened disquisition, showing the probable traffic advantages of the various descriptions of goods, saying that while we are all anxious for Cuba, when she can be obtained legitimately, and for Central America, on account of the extension of commerce they would induce, their whole commerce was but a fraction of the mighty traffic of India and China, that by this route would be poured into the lap of the Mississippi. The vote to postpone the bill till December, he regarded as a test, whether the subject shall be kept open till the next Presidential election. He was in favor of the present Administration redeeming its pledges and leave the next, which ever it might be, to redeem its own. In conclusion, he regarded the present as an auspicious time to undertake the work. The country is through the crisis, and a political stagnation offers a favorable opportunity to unite to carry it through. The North must lean a little, and the South, also, to meet half way and have it done. The road would cause no immediate drain on the treasury; the whole amount would not equal this little Mormon war; while, if there was a war with a European power, it would save the cost twenty times. Moreover, the principle involved is quite constitutional, and is the same as is involved in every mail contract. He regarded it as a wise measure, dictated by every considerat on of policy, and as a peace measure for preventing war, besides being economical in the postal service. He hoped it would not be postponed.

Mr. Bell, of Tenn., was in favor of the road in the catholic spirit, for the good of all the Union. Yet, he thought, the proposed route was a departure from a medium line. He suggested St. Louis as a terminus.

Mr. King, of New York, wished his vote not to be misunderstood. He is in favor of the road, but objects to the large gratuities of public lands, which had better be devoted to homesteads.

The motion of Mr. Benjamin, to postpone till December, was carried—yeas 25, nays 22. The nays were as follows: Messrs. Allen, Bell, Bigler, Bright, Broderick, Chandler, Doolittle, Douglas, Fitch, Foot, Green, Gwin, Henderson, Kennedy, King, Polk, Pugh, Seward, Simmons, Stuart, Trumbull, and Wright.

Absent.—Messrs. Bates, Cameron, Crittenden, Durkee, Foster, Hamlin, Harlan, Mallory, Reid, Sumner, Thompson, of Kentucky, Toombs, Yulee. Adjourned.

On the 20th, Mr. Houston, of Texas, spoke in favor of a Protectorate over Mexico. After pointing out the difference between the Northern and Southern States of the Union, he went on to define his plan, and show the benefits that would accrue both to the Union and to Mexico. The Protectorate, he said, must be self-supporting, the protected pay the expense, which they could do by assigning her revenue for ten years. Our Gulf Squadron is sufficient to protect her commerce, and 5,000 reliable troops, judiciously posted, would preserve internal order. Mr. H. explained the circumstances under which Mexico funded her debt of $35,000,000, which is mostly owing to British creditors. All that Great Britain can reasonably expect, in the event of a Protectorate, is, that we shall see that portion of the Customs set apart towards the debt and the dividends faithfully appropriated to the purpose.

Mr. Houston paid a feeling tribute to the memory of his former companions in the Senate, now all passed away.

Mr. Houston spoke more largely of the State Rights of Texas, than of the Protectorate, respecting which he said that it might be like that of the Ionian Islands, or in a new form, but without exercising any more authority than was necessary. The resolution says—Whereas, every attempt of Mexico to regulate her internal affairs results in failure, and there is danger of it falling into anarchy; and whereas, the United States, on account of their continental policy, can never permit Mexico to be subjugated by Spain, or permit her to pass into the hands of any foreign power; therefore, resolved, that a special committee of seven be appointed to inquire whether it be necessary or expedient to establish a Protectorate.

The resolution was laid over to be printed.

The Deficiency Appropriation Bill was then taken up.

The discussion of the bill occupied the remainder of the day.

Mr. Hale's amendment, to add a section that no contract shall be henceforth entered into by any officer of the Government, except under law, or under an appropriation adequate for its fulfilment, was put and lost—yeas 21, nays 30.

Yeas—Messrs. Broderick, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Crittenden, Dixon, Doolittle, Foot, Hale, Hamlin, Harlan, Houston, Johnson, Tenn., King, Pugh, Seward, Simmons, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson—21.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Bell, Benjamin, Briggs, Bigler, Bright, Brown, Clay, Evans, Fitch, Fitzpatrick, Green, Hammond, Hunter, Iverson, Jones, Johnson, Ark., Kennedy, Mason, Pearce, Polk, Sebastian, Slidell, Stuart, Thompson, N. J., Toombs, Wright, and Yulee—30.

Absentees—Messrs. Bates, Davis, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Foster, Henderson, Mallory, Reid, Sumner, and Thompson, Ky—11

Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, moved an additional section, to confine the appropriations to the fiscal year, and to the specific branch for which they are voted.

The motion was still under discussion at the adjournment.

Mr. Clark, of New Hampshire, previously moved to reconsider the vote by which the consideration of the Pacific Railroad Bill was postponed till next December—agreed to. Adjourned.

On the 21st, Mr. Mallory, of Florida, reported, without amendment, from the Committee of Naval Affairs, the bill to repay $750 for the repairs of the Norwegian barque Ellen, of damages sustained in rescuing the Central America's passengers.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, on leave, introduced a joint resolution, that the President be and hereby is authorized and requested to suspend for one year the sale of public lands advertised to be sold in the Territory of Kansas during the month of July, 1858.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, introduced a joint resolution, authorizing the President to take such measures against Paraguay, as the refusal of that Republic to make reparation for firing into the steamer Water Witch, may demand.

Mr. Mason stated that Captain Page would soon sail in a small steamer for the locality, to co-operate with any force that may be required to obtain reparation.

Messrs. Douglas, of Illinois, and Allen, of Rhode Island, fully concurred in the resolution.

Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, said he could not vote for the resolution, inasmuch as it was virtually authorizing the declaration of war against Paraguay.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, said he had good authority for stating that Paraguay is ready at any time to right the wrong committed: and the course is to send a representative that understands the theory of her Government, and speaks the language, and he did not doubt that friendly relations would soon be re-established with that young and rising Republic, whose commerce is so valuable, and which is now on the eve of a war with Buenos Ayres, her powerful neighbor. This circumstance would render it ungracious in us to send a hostile message at the present juncture.

The special order of the day, the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, came up, thereby deferring the consideration of the above resolution.

Mr. Fessenden's amendment was debated.

The Deficiency Appropriation Bill was further discussed, when the Senate adjourned.

On the 22nd, Mr. Mason's resolutions respecting Paraguay were taken up, and discussed until the morning hour had expired, when the Deficiency Appropriation Bill was taken up and debated.

Mr. Seward, of New York, introduced a bill, which was read twice, to secure the prompt construction of a line of telegraph between San Francisco and St. Louis. The bill was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

The Deficiency Appropriation Bill was taken up and discussed for three hours. The various amendments proposed were still pending when the Senate adjourned.

On the 23rd, Mr. Morrell's Agricultural College Bill was read twice, and then referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Green, of Mo., asked leave to make a report from the Committee of Conference on the subject of Kansas.

Mr. Stuart, of Mich., raised an objection.

The Chair decided that Mr. Green had the floor to present the report, which he did, with a few prefatory remarks. He said the report might not come up to the expectations of everybody. It was founded on mutual concession. It was proper that the Senate should not be dictated to by the House, nor the House by the Senate. The Committee, therefore, met in a spirit of conciliation, and tried many propositions. Whether they have arrived at the best, he could not say, but it sacrifices no principle; it harmonizes with what the country demands, and opens a prospect of peace and a settlement of pending difficulties.

Mr. Seward, of N. Y., for the minority, namely, himself and Mr. Howard, of Michigan, explained that the minority were of the opinion that the people of Kansas ought not under any circumstances to be subjected again to a vote on the Lecompton Constitution, which they have already rejected. Further, if the question be submitted, it should be submitted in a fair, just and equal manner; but this is one-sided, offering admission into the Union and donations of public lands if it will come in under the Lecompton Constitution, but throws them back until they have the requisite population, and offers no lands if they vote against the Lecompton Constitution. Besides, the form of admission is evasive. It does not openly mention the Lecompton Constitution, although it is like the vote for Napoleon, the people could vote "yes," or "no," if not for him, but could not vote for anybody else. The minority could not believe this measure would be acceptable to the people of Kansas. He could not think that it would produce that happy result that the Senator from Missouri anticipated.

Mr. Green believed that Mr. Seward's ingenious arguments would mislead neither the North nor the South. They will see in the report a fairness that will commend itself to both.

The report was made the special order for Monday, and ordered to be printed. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 17th, the bill to refund the duties on merchandise in unbroken and original packages, destroyed by fire at New York in July, 1845, and appropriating three hundred thousand dollars for that purpose, was considered.

It was advocated by Mr. John Cochrane, and opposed by Messrs. Clemens and Stanton.

Without arriving at any conclusion, the House adjourned.

On the 20th, Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, spoke in favor of his bill granting lands in various States for the establishment of colleges for the promotion of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

The Washington Police Bill from the Senate was taken up. The House rejected, by eleven majority, Mr. Dodd's substitute, agreed to in Committee yesterday, proposing that the policemen be appointed by a Board of Commissioners, to be elected, instead of giving the President power in the premises.

The bill was then tabled by a vote of yeas 110, nays 79.

The Military Academy Bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Shaw, of North Carolina, replied to the anti Lecompton speech of his colleague, Mr. Gilmer, who, he said, was, on its conclusion, congratulated by Mr. Giddings with both hands, as though he was bestowing a benediction.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, said Mr. Shaw was entirely mistaken.

Mr. Shaw—I saw the scene with my own eyes. Did not the gentleman approach my colleague?

Mr. Giddings, (emphatically,) I did.

Mr. Shaw—Fifteen or twenty others saw you approach my colleague.

Mr. Giddings further replied, but his voice was entirely drowned in loud cries of order from the Democratic side.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, protested against Mr. Shaw, who was on the floor, being interrupted.

This was followed by cries of "Order" from the Republican side, and laughter.

Mr. Keitt said such blackguardism was better out than in the House.

Mr. Shaw replied that there was a smile of complacency on Mr. Giddings's face as he approached Mr. Gilmer on that occasion. When he (Mr. Shaw) should bring upon him such congratulations, he would exclaim "What have I done that my enemies should praise me?" [Cries of "Good!"]

Mr. Giddings said—There is not a word of truth in Mr. Shaw's statement. Instead of congratulating Mr. Gilmer, I asked him why he had used my name in connection with that of President Buchanan, and told him that I should hold him responsible for it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said that having been near Mr. Gilmer at that time, he was able to corroborate Mr. Giddings's statement.

Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, in justice to his colleague, (Mr. Shaw,) who was now absent, said that he saw the Black Republicans congratulating Mr Gilmer, and Mr. Giddings was in the crowd near enough to do so. He did not know whether Mr. Giddings grasped his hand, but recollected distinctly hearing Mr. Houston exclaim, "Kiss him, Giddings." Fifty other gentlemen also witnessed the scene.

The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 21st, Mr George Taylor, of New York, from the Select Committee of Printing, made a report with a bill for the establishment of a bureau for printing, binding, engraving, lithographing and electrotyping, which, together with a minority report proposing amendment to the present law, was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, called up the report of the Committee on Elections in the Nebraska contested election case, concluding with a resolution granting Mr. Ferguson, the sitting delegate, and Mr. Chapman, the contestant, the further time of sixty days for taking and returning supplementary evidence.

The resolution was amended, extending the time to the 1st of October next, and passed.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the West Point Academy Bill.

During the discussion, Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, asked Mr. Cobb when the Kansas conference would report.

Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, replied. When the conflicting difficulties existing between the Lecompton and Anti-Lecompton Democrats become reconciled, in order that they may have power enough to settle the question.

The West Point Academy Bill was finally passed. Adjourned.

On the 22nd, the House proceeded to the consideration of Mr. Morrill's bill, donating lands to the several States for the benefit of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

The House refused to table the bill by a vote of 84 yeas to 109 nays.

Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, made a speech against the bill.

The bill was adopted—yeas 104, nays 101.

The bill, as passed, grants 6,300,000 acres of land, to be apportioned among the several States, in equal divisions of 20,000 acres for each Senator and Representative in Congress, to which they are now respectively entitled. The moneys derived from the sales are to be invested in United States, State, or other safe stocks, yielding not less than five per centum. The money thus invested to constitute a perpetual fund, the interest of which shall be inviolably appropriated to the endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college in each State, where the leading object shall be (without other scientific or classical studies) to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such a manner as the Legislatures of the several States may prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in life. Among the conditions on which the grant is made is that each State shall provide not less than one college within five years.

The House then took up for consideration the bill granting pensions to the officers and soldiers of the war with Great Britain in 1812, and those engaged in the Indian wars during the same period.

Mr. Savage, of Tennessee, who reported the bill from the Committee on Invalid Pensions, made an earnest speech in its favor.

Mr. Fenton, of New York, offered and advocated an amendment to pay pensions from the date of inability.

Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, gave notice of an amendment to pay pensions to those engaged in the Florida and Creek Indian wars.

Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, gave notice of an amendment to equalize the pay of the army, navy, and marine corps, and give pensions to the persons engaged in the Mexican and Indian wars of 1812.

Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, gave notice of an amendment to pay pensions to the soldiers of Wayne's army.

Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, gave notice of an amendment, extending the provisions of the bill to the soldiers of Gen. Jackson's Florida campaign.

Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, gave notice of an amendment to include the Kentucky soldiers and Gen. Hopkins.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, though it would be better to all these matters, to ascertain how much these pensions would cost.

The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 23rd, Mr. Savage of Tenn., endeavored to bring up the Soldiers' Pension Bill, but the House, on motion, went into Committee of the Whole on private bills.

At one o'clock, Mr. English, from the Conference, rose and made a report from the Conference Committee on the Kansas bill, signed by Messrs. English and Stephens on the part of the House, and by Messrs. Green and Hunter on the part of the Senate.

A dissenting report from Mr. Seward of the Senate Committee, and by Mr. Howard of the House Committee, was also read.

The majority report provides for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, dependent upon the acceptance of the ordinance submitted. If rejected, provision is made for the formation of a new Constitution.

Mr. English, in making an explanation of the majority report stated that it was the very best that could be agreed upon by the committee. He referred to the Lecompton ordinance to show that the proposition there was wholly inadmissable. By that, Kansas would receive 25,500,000 of acres, worth at the maximum price $29,500,000, exclusive of other benefits. The amendment proposed to give grants similar to those made to most of the new States, 20,000,000 acres less than by the Lecompton ordinance, making a difference to the United States of $25,000,000. The report agreed on might not be fair, but if it fail, it is fair to presume that all parliamentary expedients will be exhausted, and the question still be open, engendering sectional strife, and endangering the peace and prosperity of the country.

Mr. Howard wished to express his dissent from the report. He moved to postpone the further consideration of the report till Monday next at one o'clock.

Mr. Montgomery, of Pa., I ask the postponement till Monday three weeks, and then we shall know the views of the country upon the matter.

Cries of "agreed"—"good."

Mr. Hill said that, owing to the condition of his family, he was obliged to return to Georgia. He had not studied this measure, and he wanted to look into it when absent, and have some light from that quarter. He asked a postponement till next Thursday week.

Mr. Howard said it would be found that it involved rather a novelty in the legislation of the country. It proposed one set of conditions for the territory applying for admission under a slave constitution, and another set for one applying with a free State constitution.

Mr. Stephens thought next Thursday week would be too long for the postponement. To-morrow would afford sufficient time to examine the report.

Mr. Hill, of Georgia, moved a postponement till the second Monday in May.

Mr. Campbell thought Mr. Hill's motion was a judicious one, as the new programme had been sprung from the Democratic side.

Mr. Hill's motion was then put, and it was agreed to by a vote of 108 yeas, against 105 nays, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Abbott, Andrews, Bennett, Billinghurst, Bingham, Blair, Bliss, Bonham, Brayton, Burlington, Burlingame, Burroughs, Campbell, Case, Chaffee, Chapman, Clark of Connecticut, Clark of New York, Clawson, Clark B Cochrane, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cox, Cragin, Curtis, Damrell, Davis of Maryland, Davis of Illinois, Davis of Mass., Davis of Iowa, Dawes, Dean, Dick, Dodd, Durfee, Edie, Farnsworth, Fenton, Foster, Giddings, Gilman, Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Grow, Hall of Massachusetts, Harlan, Harris of Maryland, Harris of Illinois, Haskin, Hill, Hoard, Howard, Kellogg, Kelsey, Kilgore, Knapp, Lawrence, Leach, Leiter, Lovejoy, Marshall of Kentucky, Montgomery, Morgan, Morrill, Morris of Pennsylvania, Morris of Illinois, Morse of Maine, Morse of New York, Mott, Murray, Nichols, Olin, Palmer, Parker, Pettit, Pike, Potter, Pottle, Purviance, Quitman, Ricaud, Ritchie, Robbins, Roberts, Royce, Shaw of Illinois, Sherman of Ohio, Sherman of New York, Shorter, Spinner, Thayer, Thompson, Tompkins, Trippe, Underwood, Wade, Walbridge, Waldron, Walton, Washburne of Illinois, Washburne of Maine, Wilson and Wood.

Nays—Messrs. Adrian, Ahl, Anderson, Atkins, Avery, Barksdale, Bishop, Bocock, Bowie, Boyce, Branch, Bryan, Burnett, Burns, Caskie, Clark of Missouri, Clay, Clemens, Clingman, Cobb, John Cochrane, Cockerell, Corning, Craig of Missouri, Craige of North Carolina, Crawford, Curry, Davidson, Dewart, Dowdell, Edmundson, Elliott, English, Eustis, Faulkner, Florence, Foley, Gartrell, Goode, Greenwood, Gregg, Groesbeck, Hall of Ohio, Hatch, Hawkins, Hopkins, Houston, Hughes, Huyler, Jackson, Jenkins, Jewett, Jones of Tennessee, J. Glancy Jones, Owen Jones, Keitt, Kelly, Landy, Leidy, Letcher, Maclay, McQueen, Mason, Maynard, Miles, Miller, Millson, Moore, Niblack, Pendleton, Peyton, Phelps, Phillips, Ready, Reagan, Reilly, Ruffin, Russell, Sandidge, Savage, Scales, Scott, Searing, Seward, Shaw of North Carolina, Sickles, Singleton, Smith of Tennessee, Smith of Virginia, Stephens, Stevenson, Stewart of Maryland, Talbot, Taylor of New York, Ward, Warren, Watkins, White, Whiteley, Winslow, Woodson, Wortendyke, Wright of Georgia, Wright of Tennessee and Zollicoffer.

Absent, or not voting—Messrs. Arnold, Carruthers, Davis of Mississippi, Dimmick, Garnett, Gillis, Gilmer, Hickman, Horton, Kunkel of Maryland, Kunkel of Pennsylvania, Lamar, McKibbon, Marshall of Illinois, Matteson, Powell, Smith of Illinois, Stewart of Pennsylvania, Taylor of Louisiana, and Washburne of Wisconsin.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, moved that the vote be reconsidered, and to lay that motion on the table.

Mr. Trippe, of Georgia, said that he would have preferred a postponement to an earlier day than May, or next Monday: but as his colleague (Mr. Hill) and other gentlemen design being absent, he voted for the second Monday of May. He could see no damage to ensue from a postponement unless members were afraid of themselves. He had no idea that there will be a prolonged debate. If the majority intend to pass the bill, they can do so, under the previous question, at any time. He, however, desired to be heard on the subject. He did not know what his final action would be on the bill. While it was being read, he ascertained, for the first time, what its provisions were. He was not willing to vote on even twenty-four hours' consideration on a question of this kind, which presented on its face some evidence of taking the back track. He protested against a vote on a collateral question being indicative of what his final action would be, and against being led like a victim to the altar, without saying anything.

Mr. Barnett said that one hundred and twenty speeches had been made on the Kansas question, to the exclusion of debate upon other important subjects. Some gentlemen voted for the proposition because they wanted time to think, while others voted to prevent the settlement of the question. He appealed to gentlemen all round, both North and South, whether they are not prepared to make up an intelligent judgment by Monday night. If they intended to restore peace to Kansas and the country, they should act without unnecessary delay.

Mr. Hill said that if it had not been for particular reasons, he should not have made the motion to postpone till the second Monday of May.

Mr. Gartrell, of Georgia, objected to the gentleman making the explanation.

Mr. Hill said that he expected as much, and made a further remark, which was inaudible in the reporter's gallery. Mr. Hill was in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Gartrell. Several friends were standing between these gentlemen, who seemed to be engaged in earnest and exciting conversation.

The Speaker called to order several times, and asked where the Sergeant-at Arms was. He also directed Mr. Hill to retire to his seat.

The threatened difficulty soon passed away.

After several ineffectual motions to adjourn, the last prevailed by five majority, pending the motion of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, to move a reconsideration of the vote by which the House postponed the consideration of the Kansas question, and to lay that motion on the table.

On the 24th, the question was taken on the motion of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, to reconsider the vote by which the postponement to the second Monday in May was fixed, and to lay that motion on the table. And it was decided affirmatively by a vote of 115 yeas to 101 nays.

The question then recurred on agreeing to the original motion for the postponement as amended, by inserting the second Monday in May.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, moved a call of the House.

OHIO.—The cattle trade of Ohio has grown very extensively of late years. In 1855 the State sent 32,000 head to New York city, and in 1857 50,000 head, besides some 15,000 sent to Philadelphia, and many to Baltimore. At least 70,000 head of cattle were sent to these three cities in 1857. The hog trade is far greater, and notwithstanding that the number of live and dressed hogs exported from the State has, in the past few years, increased rapidly, the numbers packed at Cincinnati have not declined. According to the annual report of the commissioner of statistics, just published, the aggregate value of farm products is $132,700,000, and the net profits $57,300,000. The price of wood for fuel varies from $1.50 to $2.75 per cord, and is highest in counties through which main lines of railway pass, on account of the vast quantities of wood consumed by the locomotives. These roads consume annually the product of twelve thousand acres of land. Farm labor is uniformly high, the average wages being 15 per month and board. This is owing to the growth of towns and manufactures, which steadily causes the agricultural supply to diminish, so that large farmers are only able to secure their crops by the use of machinery. There are 3,000 steam engines, equivalent to 40,000 horse power, 2,300 grist mills, 3,749 saw mills, 175 planing mills, 70 oil mills. In 1857 there were made by the principal factories 8,000 agricultural machines.

A STRANGE DELUSION.—The Parke county (Ind.) Republican relates the following singular instance of delusion in regard to religious duty:

"It becomes our sad office to record one of the most sad incidents which has ever fallen under our observation. Mr. Aaron Stewart, late a citizen of Boone county, but for some five months a citizen of our town, has been in a state of depression of spirits for about two months past. Religious excitement seems to have overpowered his reason, and on Monday night, after the return of himself and wife from church, he conceived the idea that the Scripture required him to sacrifice his right hand and other members of his body, under penalty of eternal punishment. He at once left the house without making known his object, and first perpetrating dangerous wounds upon his person with a knife, he next proceeded with an axe to cut off his right hand. After striking five several blows, ranging from the centre of the hand to some inches above the wrist joint, and severing the hand from the arm, except some of the tendons, he walked to the door, fell into it, and fainted. Dr. Rice was called in, who dressed his wounds, and at the present writing he is yet alive, though his wounds are dangerous.

THE USURY LAWS OF PENNSYLVANIA ABOLISHED.—The Legislature has passed, finally, the bill relative to rates of interest. It goes into operation from and after the 4th of July next, and establishes the rate at six per cent. per annum, where no express contract is made to the contrary. Where a higher rate than six per cent. is agreed on, the aid of law is withheld from the lender for the collection of the excess or usury; but where the usury is paid by the borrower, the aid of the law is likewise withheld from him for the recovery of it back, unless suit for the same is commenced within six months. In cases where usury is taken in advance, the borrower has the right to deduct and withhold the amount paid above six per cent. in the payment of the principal. The new law, in effect, ignores usury altogether—leaving it an open question of honor between parties, while it protects the property of the lender and aids him in the collection of his principal and six per cent. per annum of interest.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.—A monster nugget of gold has been found at Kingower, 130 miles from Melbourne, by four old California miners, named Robert and James Ambrose, and Samuel and Charles Napier. It is two feet four inches in length, by ten inches in width at its widest point, and eight inches thick at one end, and four inches thick at the other. Its weight is 146 pounds, or 1748 ounces 13 pennyweights, and its value is about $34,960, American currency. The nugget was found in sand thirteen feet below the surface. It is perfectly free from extraneous matter. The lucky owners are two pairs of brothers; one pair being English, and the other Boston boys. They have been four years to the diggs, and had quite a "pile" before striking the last prize. They have the nugget on exhibition, and intend to exhibit it in London and in the "States."

OLE BULL AT HOME.—A private letter to a musical gentleman in New York, states that Ole Bull had been received with great enthusiasm, not only at Bergen, the city of his birth, but in Christiana, and every city or village through which he passed. From the theatre he was followed home by thousands of persons, accompanied by a band of music, and, even after he had entered his hotel, the enthusiastic multitude continued for some time to pour forth their joyous acclamations at his safe return to his fatherland.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE French Government intends giving a pecuniary indemnity to the families of the persons killed or wounded by the bombs on the 14th of January. The greater number are in a needy position.

AMERICAN ACTORS ABROAD.—Barney Williams and wife are having a great run in Europe. Miss Charlotte Wyette, an indifferent stock actress from Chicago, is prodigiously puffed by the Times and the London journals; and Dublin papers are half crazy over some young American actor slaving there under the *nomme de theatre* of "Leland Ravenswood."—*Exchange Paper.*

THE Paris correspondent of the London Times says: "The Council of the Order of the Legion of Honor have, after due deliberation, resolved that the Order of St. Faustin, founded by the Emperor Soulouque, of Hayti, shall take its proper place among the decorations which French subjects will be permitted to wear."

MOUNT VERNON.—The Alexandria Gazette states that "the sale of Mount Vernon to the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association has been made, and $18,000 of the purchase money paid in cash. Mr. Washington retains possession until a payment of $75,000 is made, which will probably take place in a few months."

POPULATION OF AUSTRALIA.—According to the last census, the aggregate population of the Australian colonies amounted, on the first of July, 1857, to 1,043,000; of which number Victoria contained 414,000; New South Wales, 300,000; South Australia, 105,000; Tasmania, 80,000; West Australia, 14,000; and New Zealand, 130,000.

PROF. HAWN, Assistant State Geologist of Missouri, who is about to publish a book on the agricultural and mineral character of Kansas, estimates the coal area of eastern Kansas at 17,000 square miles. He also is of opinion that the Permian formation in Kansas contains gypsum sufficient to regenerate and fertilize the arid plains of the western portion of the Territory.

REJOICINGS AT LOCKHAVEN AND ERIE.—The news of the passage of the bill for the sale of the State Canals to the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company, was received at Lockhaven, Pa., on Saturday evening week, and much excitement and rejoicing followed. At Erie the intelligence was welcomed by the firing of one hundred guns, and other demonstrations of joy.

AT Ripley, Ohio, the proprietor of a gambling saloon was recently converted, and at his request a daily prayer-meeting was organized in his rooms.

DAVID A. NEAL, late Vice President of the Illinois Central Railroad, has commenced suit against the Company, in the United States Circuit Court, for $250,000, for services rendered to the Company while in its employ.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Burlington Free Press writes from St. Charles Illinois: "Times are hard and dull. Produce is worth nothing; wheat 42 cents, corn 24 cents, oats 19 cents, butter 12 cents, eggs 5 cents, and other things, in proportion."

THE expense of managing the McDonough estate has been more than $45,000 per year.—The whole estate is valued at a little over two millions.

AMONG the list of deaths published in Bucks county, Pa., last week, were those of seven persons who had passed the advanced age of seventy years—most of them were over eighty. It is but seldom that we have to record the decease of so many aged persons in a single week, though scarcely a paper is issued that does not announce the departure of one or more patriarchs in years.

THE Emperor of Russia lately created Dr. Theodore S. Evans, of Lancaster, Pa., and now in Paris, Chevalier of the Order of St. Stanislaus of Russia. This honor has been conferred on Dr. Evans for his successful treatment of an officer of the Russian army, who had part of his jaw bone carried away by a shot at Sebastopol.

ABOUT thirty families left Wilmington, Delaware, last week, designing to settle at St. Paul, Minnesota.

REV. F. CAVO, of the Franciscan order (R. C.) has been appointed by the minister general at Rome, of the order, visiter for the United States, with full powers.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER No. 320 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct			Phil Ger & Nor	51	52
" "	'52	104	— Reading	23½	23¾
" "	'67	114½	— Minehill	59½	61
" "	'68	114½	— Har & Lan	55	55½
" "	'65	102¾	— Ches Val	3½	5
Phila 6 pr ct	96	98½	— Tioga	—	—
" new	101	101½	" preferred	—	—
" 5 "	97	98	P W & Balt	29½	30
Cam City 6 pr ct	89½	—	Long Island	13½	13¾
Pitts 6 pr ct	80	—	Wilmport & Elm	13	13½
" " coupon	—	—	Cattawissa	7	7½
Allegy City 6 pr ct	—	—	CANAL STOCKS.		
" County "	—	—	Sch Nav	8½	9½
Allegy co R R 6's	43	46	" preferred	16	16½
Penn " 5 "	87	87½	Lehigh Nav	58	58½
" " coupon	98	99½	Morris Consol'd	37	42
Penn 6 pr ct	99	99½	" preferred	90½	—
Penn R R 6 pr ct	98	99	C & Del	61	62
Kentucky 6 pr ct	103	103	Union	6	9½
Missouri 6's	83½	83½	Sus & Tidewater	—	7
Penn R R 6 pr ct	98	99	BANK STOCKS.		
Mt wrt loan '58	85	85½	North Amer	132	—
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	74½	90	Phila	113½	115
P G & N R R "	90	—	Far & Mec	39½	39½
Reading R R "	72	74	Commercial	43	43
" " m'rt "	93	—	N Liberty	56½	60
" " 6 pr ct '88	65½	67½	Mechanics	27	27½
Lehig

ORSINI'S LAST LETTER TO NAPOLEON III.

TO HIS MAJESTY NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Sire: Your Imperial Majesty having permitted that my letter written to you on the 11th February should be produced for public comment, whilst it is a clear proof of your generosity, shows me also that the prayers which I have offered on behalf of my country, find a response in your own heart: and to me, however near I may be to death, it is certainly no small consolation to see how your Imperial Majesty is moved by genuine Italian feelings.

In a few hours I shall cease to be, and so before drawing my last vital breath, I wish it to be known, and I desire it with the frankness and courage which up to this day I have never belied, that assassination in whatever garb it may be disguised, does not enter among my principles, although by a fatal error of mind, I have allowed myself to be led on to organise the attempt of the 14th of January.

No! political assassination was not my system, and I combatted it at the risk of my own life, both in my writings and by my public acts, when a governmental mission placed me in a situation to do so; and my compatriots, far from putting faith in the system of assassination, let them reject it altogether, and hold it aloof, and let them know, even by the voice of a dying patriot, that their redemption must be won by their own self-denial, by constant unity in their efforts and sacrifices, and by the exercise of the true virtues—gifts which are now budding in the young and active portion of my fellow-countrymen, and gifts which alone will be able to make Italy free, independent, and worthy of that glory which our ancestors have made illustrious.

I die. While I do so with calmness and dignity, I wish that my memory may not be left stained with any crime. As for the victims of the 14th of January, I offer my own blood as an atonement, and I beg the Italians, when some day they are independent, to give a worthy compensation to all those who have suffered any injury from it.

Let your Imperial Majesty permit me, in the last place, to beg you to spare the life, not of myself, but of the two accomplices who were condemned to death with me. I am, with the profoundest respect for your Imperial Majesty,

(Signed) FELICE ORSINI.

Prison of La Roquette, March 11.

[The letter is translated *verbatim.*]

The Turin correspondent of the Times, says the Mazzini party will try to discredit Orsini's second letter, but the Sardinian Government is doubtless satisfied with its authenticity, or it would not have permitted its appearance in the official journal. A radical Piedmontese journal declares its disbelief in the genuineness of this document.

MORE VERDANCY.—*The New York Coffee Swindle—Arrest of Two Alleged Operators in Boston.*—About the 5th of April there was an exposure of the operations of a pretended coffee firm in New York, they having made arrangements for a general plunder of the community. This firm assumed the respectable name of Oliphant, Bartlett & Co., obtained a good location upon the corner of Broadway and Fulton Streets, and sent to all parts of the United States a high-sounding circular, in which they represented that they were the proprietors of a large coffee plantation in Georgetown, Demerara, and of course were able to furnish coffee to retail dealers, of a pure quality at a reduced price. They solicited agents, stating that their terms would be eighteen months credit, except for a sample of the coffee, for which a cash remittance of from $18 to $22.50 would be required. The victims to this bold fraud were numerous, as was demonstrated by the letters found at the office after the explosion of the new company. It appears that the business was slightly overdone, for when a man found that all his neighbors had received a circular similar to his own, requesting a remittance for a sample of coffee, suspicion was aroused, and the Mayor of New York was written to. The police made a sudden descent upon the place, but found there only one partner, two or three pounds of coffee, and a few chairs, &c., &c. The other partners had decamped, but were traced to this city. Yesterday the Chief of Police received orders to have them arrested. They were traced by Deputy Chief Ham to the American House, where they had represented themselves as in the "nice business," and their genteel appearance gave countenance to their assertions. When arrested they appeared to be extremely indignant, denied that they had been guilty of any crime, and declared some one should suffer for their unjust imprisonment. Their names are Lou H. and John Phillips, and they were committed to await a requisition from New York, when they will be taken back to that city. The total amount obtained from the community before the thing exploded, was from $1,000 to $2,000. They had, however, matured their plans to fleece the public to a much larger amount, when they were thus suddenly brought up in their nefarious operations.—*Boston Traveller.*

A DEAD BODY DISINTERRED AND THE HEART TAKEN OUT TO CURE CONSUMPTION.—The Glenns Falls *Republican* gives an account of an affair, extraordinary though of occasional occurrence, which transpired about a mile from that village a few days ago. It appears that a man by the name of Adams died and was buried about seventeen months ago, leaving a wife to mourn his loss. The widow removed to the West and remained there until a short time since, when she returns to Glenns Falls. Upon her return she found her deceased husband's brother dying with consumption, and declared that he could be cured only in the following manner, which she said was practiced where she has been living:—The body of her husband should be taken up, the heart dissected, and if any blood was found in the heart it should be *burned*, and the sick man would recover! This *proposition was immediately acted upon*—the dead body disinterred, a physician called, who took out the heart and lungs, but not enough blood being found to answer the purpose, the further prosecution of the superstitious project was abandoned.

MORRION EMIGRATION.—Quite a large Mormon emigration is now preparing to leave for Utah and their rebellious brethren of that Territory. They cross the Missouri river at Florence, N. T., there stopping a short time to recruit. They are started off in separate trains, under experienced frontier men as captains, accompanied by elders, on their toilsome journey of about 1,000 miles. This year the trains will be large, and move westward as early as the grass will admit of sustaining stock. Their route is what is known as the north of the Platte, an old Mormon trail, opened nearly ten years ago, by Orson Hyde and others.

☞ Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of music on different characters hold equally true of genius; as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognizes it as a projected form of his own being, that moves before him with a glory round its head, or recoils from it as a spectre.—*Coleridge.*

☞ The man who does not make the religious character of his children the supreme end of all his conduct towards them may profess to believe as a Christian, but certainly acts as an Atheist.—*James.*

Tax shrug, the hum, or ha; those petty brands
That calumny doth use.—*Shakspeare*

☞ It is not well for a man to pray cream and live skim milk.—*Beecher.*

☞ *Speaking of lions*—that was an "idea" of the hard-shell preacher who was discoursing of Daniel in the den of lions. "There he sot all night looking at the show for nothing; it didn't cost him a cent!"

A LADY

WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. MARY E. DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent, free, by next post. my1-3t

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—A preparation intended as a balm for aches and pains was discovered by Perry Davis, of Prov., R. I. Its popularity became universal, and it is as popular to-day as ever it was. It may be found in the closet or cupboard of all families; ready for use at an instant's warning, and is considered the best article known for "the pains that flesh is heir to."—(*Boston Bee.*) Sold by all medicine dealers.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—This compound possesses much real merit. The cures it is effecting on every side are without precedent. Dyspeptics who have suffered for years have been entirely relieved by a few bottles.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Gentleman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of nervous suffering, will send (free) to assist others, a copy of the prescription and a supply of the remedy, on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. ap17-8t

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Sales of 500 bbls Ohio extra family, a fancy brand, at $5.40 ₩ bbl. Standard brands are held at $4.50 ₩ bbl, but there is nothing doing in this description, and the stock is light. The home trade are buying to a moderate extent within the range of $4.50@6.50 ₩ bbl, according to brand and quality. Rye Flour is quiet but firm at $3.25 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is more inquired for, and a sale of 300 bbls Country Meal was made at $3.25 ₩ bbl.

In Wheat there is very little movement, and the receipts and sales are limited, at 105@110c for fair to prime reds, 113c for mixed, and 118@125 for white. Prime lots are scarce and wanted at our highest figures. Rye is in steady demand, and about 800 bus Pennsylvania brought 70c. Corn—sales of 5000 bus Southern and Pennsylvania yellow at 71c afloat, and 69@70c in store, including 1200 bus white at 68@70c, the latter for a prime lot afloat. Oats—Sales of 5000 bus are reported at 40@41c, mostly at the latter price, for prime Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of most kinds are fair for the season, and the prices of the Hog product generally continue on the advance. Mess Pork is selling in lots as wanted at $18½; a sale of Rump do. was made at $14½ ₩ bbl, and Beef Rounds at $20. Mess Beef is steady at $15@17 ₩ bbl, as to brand. In Bacon there has been more doing, and 400 casks have been sold at 12@12½c for bagged Hams; 10½@10¾c for Sides, and 8½@8¾c for Shoulders, now held at the latter rates. Green Meats are also selling freely, and 750 casks have changed hands at 9½@10c for Hams, in salt and pickle; 9½@9¾c for Sides, and 7½@7¾c for Shoulders, as to quality, cash and 60 days, the latter are now held higher. Lard is more active, with considerable sales to note at 11½@11¾c for bbls and tcs, mostly at the latter rate, cash, and 12½@13c for kegs, including 500 of the latter on terms kept private. Of Butter the receipts are light and the demand for Roll has been rather better at 14@16c; Solid Packed is dull at 11@12c. Cheese—no change and sales moderate. Eggs are coming in freely, and prices range at 9c for Western, and 10c ₩ dozen for State.

COTTON—The demand has been quite moderate during the past week, but prices have improved ¼c ₩ lb on the finer grades. The receipts and stocks are light. Sales of 930 bales Uplands at 11½@13½c ₩ lb, cash—the latter for middling fair quality.

BARK—There was a good demand for Quercitron Bark early in the week, but at the close there was less inquiry, and prices fell off. Sales of 200 hhds No 1 at $34@35, mostly at $34.50@35 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark continues dull. We quote Chestnut at $10@11, and Spanish at $12@14 ₩ cord, according to quality.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of good yellow at 29@30c ₩ lb, cash.

COAL—During the past week there has been some little improvement in the market. The current rates for Schuylkill range from $3.25 to 3.50 ₩ ton for Red and White Ash, free on board. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

FEATHERS continue dull, and sell only in a small way at 43@45c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling from 6½ to 6¾c ₩ lb, and unpared Peaches at 12@14c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches are very scarce and much wanted. But few Cranberries offering.

HEMP—There is but little stock here to operate in, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—Are held very firmly, and of Porto Cabello there are now none left in first hands. No further arrivals—8000 Caracoas sold on terms kept secret.

HOPS—Have been in rather better request, but without change in prices. Sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 8@11c ₩ lb.

IRON—The market is quiet for Pig Metal, and the demand has been limited. Sales of 500 tons of No 1 Anthracite at $21 ₩ ton, cash; No 2 at $20, and No 3 at $19. 100 tons No 2 sold at $22. 6 mos. For Bar and Boiler Iron there is a limited inquiry at our former rates.

LEAD—There is but little stock of Pig Lead here. A sale of refined Chester County was made at 6c ₩ lb cash, and 900 Pigs Foreign on private terms.

LEATHER—There has been a fair demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are well maintained.

LUMBER—Supplies are beginning to come forward more freely, but the trade opens slowly, and the market generally has been dull. 50,000 feet Southern Yellow Pine cap Boards sold at $15@16 ₩ M. Laths range from $1.25 to 1.50.

TALLOW—There is but little offering. We quote City Rendered at 11c and Country at 10½@10¾c.

TOBACCO—Has been very quiet, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured have been only in a small way at former rates.

WOOL—The demand continues quite limited, as the manufacturers manifest no disposition to purchase, except for the supply of immediate wants. Sales of 40,000 lbs from 27c for No 1 Pulled up to 47½c ₩ lb for Fine.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 24.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is firm; sales of 7500 bbls at $4.25@4.50 for State. Ohio has advanced 5c, quoting at $4.55@4.65. Wheat quiet; sales of 6000 bus at $1.18 for red Southern. Corn—White at 75@76c, yellow 75@76c. The Beef market is buoyant. Mess Pork advanced 40c, quoting at $19@19 10. Prime is also 25c better at $15.30@15.50. Lard buoyant at 11½c.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 24, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
Relief Notes	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	1½ dis
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DANVILLE, PA., JULY 5TH, 1856.

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MARRIAGES.

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In New York, on the 15th ultimo, by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of the Mayor, Daniel F. Tiemann, ALFRED CHURCHMAN, of the firm of Churchman & Roberts, to MARY ALICE, daughter of Dr. P. S. Boggs, of Moultrie county, Illinois.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN Q. ADAMS ALLMAN, to Miss SARAH J. BOYD, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, the Rev WILLIAM MCELWEE, to Miss MARY J. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. R. G. Hare, D. D. JOHN S. LEWIS, to MARY J. daughter of Thos Briggs, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN B. YOUNG, of this city, Miss LYDIA A. YAUNELL, of Montgomery county.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. ALEX. MCCRACKEN, to Miss ELIZA JANE, daughter of Thos. Armstrong, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. G. C. Arnold, Mr. JOHN BOYD, to Miss ELIZA J. SUYDAM, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm Swindell, Mr. JOHN MAWCHESTER, to Miss ANNIE MACKIE, both of Bristol, Bucks county.

On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. JOHN D. SOMMER, to Miss MARY C. BOYLES, daughter of Geo. Boyles, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, ANN BEECH.
On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. MARVEL ROBINSON, aged 84 years.
On the 19th ultimo, Mr MICHAEL SHAFFER, aged 39 years.
On the 20th ultimo, Mrs MARY KANE, aged 63.
On the 20th ultimo, MARY, daughter of Jas. and Eliza Holmes, aged 16 years.
On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. MARY MARPLE, aged 54 years.
On the 18th ultimo, Mr. JOHN B MASSEY, aged 28 years.
On the 17th ultimo, JOSEPH MOUNT, aged 68.
On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET SCOTT, aged 84 years.
On the 16th ultimo, JOSHUA GARNER, aged 80
On the 18th ultimo, JOHN C SPRINGER, aged 29
On the 17th ultimo, Mr JOHN VANDERSLICE, aged 60 years.
On the 18th ultimo, Mr E. J. KRAMER, aged 47.
On the 19th ultimo, EUDICH GILLESPIE, aged 19 years.
On the 16th ultimo, HENRY LITTLE, aged 62
On the 16th ultimo, CATHARINE GILBERT, aged 37.
On the 16th ultimo, Mrs. HANNAH STROUP, aged 90 years

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ANIMAL OBSERVATIONS

TAKEN IN LONDON DURING THE ECLIPSE, BY THE LONDON PUNCH.

Our scientific readers doubtless know as well as we do, that many highly curious effects of the Eclipse were observed to be produced upon animated nature. Correspondents from the country have furnished ample evidence to prove the fact, details have been given with much pains-taking minuteness, of the exact times and places at which sparrows ceased to chirp, and cock-robins to whistle. We have heard how, at Great Sludgeborough, the cows came to be milked, and how a disappointed woodcock was tempted to commit suicide under cover of the darkness, by flying against the steeple of St. Bix-cum-Mortar, Flamshire. But so far as we have seen, no mention has been made in any scientific journal of the eclipsical effects upon the London brute creation, and we are therefore pleased to have it in our power to record the following:

Exactly nineteen minutes after the first contact, Mr. Green, an amateur astronomer at Brompton, saw, without using his telescope, a cat upon the tiles of Mr. Brown's house opposite; and from the peculiar deportment of the animal, Mr. Green had very little doubt that it imagined night was coming. Without using any instrument beyond a double eye-glass, Mr. Green distinctly saw the cat's mouth open twice; but he did not hear the moll-row, which is the distinctively nocturnal cat-call. Mr. Green, however, thinks his non-perception of the sound might have been occasioned by some cotton in his ears, which he had been induced to place there through the prudence of his wife; his observations being taken at an open attic window, and Mrs. G. fearing he might take cold in the head. At precisely thirteen minutes and three quarters after noon the cat disappeared behind a stack of chimneys, and in half a jiffy later, timed by Mr. Green's chronometer, a sparrow was seen flattering from the same direction, and manifesting symptoms of excitement and distress. It will be for scientific persons to decide, whether these marked variations from the bird's normal state were probably occasioned by the cat, or the Eclipse.

Another close observer, Mr. Spoone, of Islington, has recorded in his journal, that at half-past twelve o'clock one of his canary birds suddenly stopped singing, and continued silent for above ten minutes. It is, however, doubtful if the observation can be considered of much value, inasmuch as Master Spoone chanced to give the bird a lump of sugar at the time, and this might have occasioned the effect which was remarked.

A striking proof of the effect produced by the Eclipse upon the brute creation was observed by the wife of Mr. Jollycock, of Clapham. On the plea of having business to attend to in the city, her brute of a husband, leaving her to mind the house, joined a bachelor Eclipse party at the Star and Garter, Richmond. This Mrs. J. discovered by taking a close observation of her husband's pocket-book, when she let him in next morning at half-past three, A. M; and although at breakfast-time the brute of course began to make an affidavit of an alibi, the production by his wife of the discovered dinner-bill proved a bit of evidence too strong to be got over, and an expiatory pilgrimage to Swan and Edgar's was adjudged by way of penance, and has since been carried out.

No mention has been made of any nervous snipes or woodcocks being seen in the darkness to kill themselves by flying against London church towers. But we are told that Mr. Gabye, a highly scientific gentleman, who has a garret in Greek street, opposite a bird fancier's, observed that throughout the entire continuance of the Eclipse, the larks kept standing upon tiptoe on their grass plots, and hitting their heads violently against the tops of their small cages. This phenomenon, however, Mr. Gabye has observed to be of every-day occurrence, and it is therefore somewhat doubtful if it can be viewed as an ecliptical effect.

It was noted by a neighbor of Mr. Jones, at Peckham, that the Cochin China cocks in Mr. Jones's poultry-yard, kept crowing, as usual, every other minute, the whole day of the Eclipse.

An observation being made to Mr. Tomkins Smith, a *savant* who resides within a hundred yards of Holborn, to the effect that a butcher bird was whistling in his area, Mr. Tomkins Smith at once threw up his parlor window, and although, being short-sighted, he failed to see the bird, he distinctly heard the whistle of which he had been told. By listening with some attention to the notes, Mr. Tomkins Smith discovered that they formed a fragment of the *cura popularis*, "*Poor Dog Tray*," and as his curiosity was whetted by the fact, he was induced to make an observation with his eye-glass, by which he ascertained that the presence of the butcher bird had been incorrectly stated, and that in fact it was a butcher boy whose whistling he had listened to.

In spite of pricking up our ears to their erectest possible extent, we have not as yet heard of any instances in London, in which any cows have been seen going to be milked; but we understand that at the period of the greatest obscouration a milkman was observed by Mr. Lynx, of Hammersmith, proceeding with some haste in the direction of the pump.

THE New York Post publishes an ode by an Italian organ grinder:

"Eternal Rome, who sat on seven hills,
Big with vast conquest and ambition's lust,
Sent forth her legions, thick as Egypt's ills,
To grind opposing nations to the dust.
And Rome still stands, immortal and sublime!
Nor is there city where ye may not find
Her legions now, as in the ancient time;
They still go forth—*their mission still, to grind!*"

☞ The Niles Enquirer records the good luck of a citizen of that village, who, while bathing in the river, discovered, after an industrious 'scrub' of his person, of about fifteen minutes, a pair of drawers which he had lost two years before.

Our dear old friend Briggs—having taking the receipt for horse-taming from the papers—tries some experiments upon an animal that he has picked up a bargain!

JUDICIAL DIGNITY IN LOUISIANA

A correspondent of the Brandon (Miss) Republican gives the following specimens of how justice is administered and judicial dignity sustained in one of the Parish Courts in Louisiana. He says:

Speaking of Grand Juries reminds me that the Parish Court is now in session here, his Honor Kiah Rodgers presiding—old Kye—or "Ky" they usually call him. Old Ky was passing sentence on a criminal, and delivered himself as follows:—

"Prisoner, stand up! Mr. Kettles, this Court is under the painful necessity of passing sentence of the law upon you, sir. This Court has no doubt, Mr. Kettles, but what you were brought into this scrape by the use of intoxicating liquor. The friends of this Court all *knows* that of ther is any vice this Court abhors, it is intemperance. When this Court was a young man, Mr. Kettles, it was considerably inclined to drink; and the friends of this Court *knows*, that this Court has *naterrally* a very high temper, and if this Court had not stopped short off, and stopped the use of intoxicating liquor, I have no doubt, sir, but what this Court, sir, would have been in the Penitentiary *or in its grave!*"

Another case was before the Court. An overseer who had been discharged, brought suit against his employer for the whole year's wages, alleging that he had been discharged without sufficient grounds. 'Old Ky" charged the jury as follows:

"The Jury will take notice that the Court is well acquainted with the nature of the case. When the Court first started out in the world, it followed the business of overseeing and of there is any business which the Court understands, it is horses, mules and niggers—though the Court never overseed in its life for less than 800 dollars—and this Court in hoss racin' was always naturally gifted—and this Court in running a quarter race whar the hosses was turned, could allers turn in hoss so as to gain 15 feet in a race—and this Court well recollects that on a certain occasion in the Parish of West Feliciana, it was one of the conditions of the race that Ky Rodgers shouldn't *turn nary one of the hosses!*"

Now, I have given you some items taken down on a Louisiana Parish Court—all facts—"*sketches from life*"—and the half has not been told.

THE PATENT UMBRELLA.

Beard, the Cincinnati artist, has invented a plan to stop that most inconvenient and unpunishable crime, umbrella theft, which we intend to make public at the risk of violating the patent laws. We will tell the story as he related it:

I had bought a fine silk umbrella, and started for the Burnet House, on a rainy day, when I began to reflect upon my extravagance, and to wonder, as I tripped along proudly under its broad and safe cover, whether or not it would go the way of all umbrellas, and leave me to the "pitiless peltings of the storm," before the day was over. True, I could keep it in my hand; but then occasionally I was so absent-minded that I would be just as apt to set it down in a public bar-room, or even to have it quietly taken out of my hand by some adroit "purloiner." Suddenly an idea occurred. I stepped in a hardware store and purchased a small padlock.

On arriving at the hotel, I closed my umbrella, slipped the lock on to the wire spring which keeps it shut, and deposited it with the most perfect confidence in the public rack. I was not long waiting for a customer. A splendid looking fellow, with a goatee and moustache, stepped up with the most perfect *nonchalance* and took my identical umbrella. I quietly sauntered toward the door, giving a casual glance at the weather; my hero essayed to spread the sheltering silk; but alas! it was no go—again! Still worse. What the deuce was the matter? He looked—saw the trap, and the fall of his countenance was exactly the step from the sublime to the ridiculous I had so often heard of, but never seen before. My umbrella was quietly deposited in its place, and my gentleman meekly sauntered towards the reading-room and slipped out of another door umbrella *less*.

I was by no means satisfied with one experiment. In a little while I saw one of the most brazen appropriators of small things (he was especially hard on lunches and drinks—free) in all Cincinnati. "Now," said I, "is my chance."

This customer had an article in his hand, which might in courtesy be styled the "ghost of an umbrella," and cotton at that. With a grandiloquent air, he deposited it right alongside of mine, and went to the bar. There he picked up a treat, and ate crackers and cheese enormously. Thence to the reading-room, with my eyes still on him, and in less than a minute, with a shrug, and buttoning up his coat an extra button, he passed in a rapid business manner to the door, picking up my umbrella, with scarcely a glance, as he went along. I was on hand. With a sudden movement he attempted to raise it; *no go!*

Again! Still a failure! With a decision perfectly Napoleonic, and worthy of the occasion, he was about to tear away the slight obstruction, when I stepped up and said,

"Don't do that! I'll lend you the key!"

"Ah! Mr. Beard. Ha! Strange mistake—thought it was my own. Good device; think I'll adopt it.'

And with the most perfect ease he put my umbrella down, took his own and *vamosed*.

I was satisfied. I had found out how to keep an umbrella—and now I am on my way to Washington to get a patent for it.

☞ A newly-wedded pair, returning their marriage calls, met a donkey on the way. In the kindest manner the bride jokingly said—"My dear, there is one of your relations."—"Yes," was the prompt reply, "by marriage."

Agricultural.

SETTING FRUIT TREES.

Now is the best time to transplant trees. Before the leaf is out the roots should be properly buried in their new place of abode. Trees may be taken up early and before the orchard ground is dry enough for setting out—but they should be slightly buried in cool and shady places till the soil is well prepared for them. We sometimes wait till the first of May, before we set out trees in the orchard where they are to stand.

Holes should be dug for young trees in all kinds of soil, whether the same has been broken and previously planted or not. For a good-sized apple tree, for instance, a hole should be made six feet in breadth and eighteen inches deep. Lay the best of the soil from the hole on one side and the poorest on the other. On setting the tree, let the best soil come next to the roots, and let the poorest lie on the surface. A little peat mud, that is well pulverized and lain in heaps for a year, is a good article to throw in among the loam around the roots, as this mud retains moisture better through the summer than any article that we have tried.

No manure of any kind should come in contact with the roots. Good garden soil, or field soil, will encourage the young rootlets better than any kind of manure. If the orchard land is poor and to be manured, let the manure be applied to the surface about the trunk of the tree. This will prove useful in supporting the tree and saving the use of stakes. It will tend to keep the earth moist and keep down weeds, which are very prone to suck up much of the moisture from the surface.

Three hands are wanted to set trees well. One must hold the tree erect—another must use a wheelbarrow and shovel to fill in the best soil—and a third should be on his knees to spread out the roots and make them lie as they did in the nursery.

Mulching is important in all cases. Let not the surface around a tree, newly set, be exposed to the air where cracks and chinks will be formed to dry up the soil and kill the roots. Coarse manure, where the soil needs manuring, will answer the purpose. In other cases straw from the cow yard or from an old stack will do well. Leaves and litter of any kind will answer a good purpose—but care should be used to prevent the blowing away of this surface matter—this mulch.

A few flat stones may be placed on top of the litter—these will tend to warm the soil while they will keep it more moist. Slabs and broken boards will answer the purpose of keeping the litter in place this summer, and as soon as October comes all the strawy matter on the surface must be disposed of to keep away the mice. We have often advised to rake off this litter to be placed in the cowyard—but when the orchard land is not rich, it is better to bury up the mulching matter with the soil near the tree.

The labor of banking up each tree in October to the height of eight or ten inches is quite trifling compared with its advantages. By this banking you keep away the mice, which are fond of burrowing under the snow to live on the bark of your young trees. You also give better suppport to your trees than stakes can give, and you keep the soil free from water and ice through the winter. In the following spring these mounds are easily levelled, and the whole cost of the banking and levelling will not exceed five minutes labor to each tree.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CATTLE CONSUMING FOOD IN PROPORTION TO THE SIZE OF THEIR BARRELS.—A correspondent of the Mark Lane Express thus expresses himself on the subject:—For the last half-century there have been many disputes whether large or small animals are the most profitable. In my opinion the middle-sized animals, whether cattle or sheep, are the best, and the extremes are bad. The celebrated and far-famed Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley, Leicestershire, the man who lived a century before his day, was heard to say that flat-sided animals, with large, deep bellies, consumed much more food than the barrel-formed animals with straight bellies (I mean bellies within a straight line drawn from the breast to the bottom part of the thigh); and that large-boned animals were great consumers of food. And the same great luminary in agriculture proved what he asserted by weighing food daily to differently-formed animals, great and small, the lesser consuming much less food than the larger; all of which was much in favor of Mr. Bakewell's new Leicester sheep, that have the least garbage of any kind of sheep in proportion to the weight of mutton—which has led the breeders of Lincolns, Cotswolds, and Down sheep to imitate the Bakewell barrel-form with small entrails. Common sense says large insides have entrails in proportion, and of course take a large quantity of food to fill them; which is worth consideration, as an animal may be great and not good, and good and not great; size has nothing to do with profit. It is not what an animal makes, so much as what it cost making.

MANURE MAXIMS.—At a late meeting of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, Mr. T. W. Field read a paper on manures, in which he said:—The whole subject of manures may be stated in this proposition:—1. Manure does not waste so long as it is unfermented or undissolved, and these conditions may be effected by drying or saturation. 2. Fresh manure is unfit for food for plants. 3. Fermenting manure, in contact with inert matter, has the power of neutralising vicious properties, such as the tannic acid of peat, and making it a fertiliser. 4. Manure wastes in two ways—the escape of gas and the dissolving of its soluble salts. 5. The creative power of manure, mixed with other substances, is capable of multiplying its value many times. 6. The value of manure to crops is in proportion to its divisibility through the soil. The golden rule of farming should be small quantities of manure thoroughly divided and intermingled with the soil.

PLANTING BOX.—Few people, except professed gardeners, know how this handsome border ornament ought to be planted. It is usually stuck in a few inches and left straggling on top of the ground, with three or four times as much *top* and three or four times *less bottom* than it ought to have. Box grows nearly as well from the branches as the roots. Now, the trench in which the edging is to be planted, should be full spade deep on the border side, being a few inches shallower on the alley side—the soil should be made fine—and the box inserted to the bottom of the trench, packed in tightly with soil, leaving only from one and a half to two and a half inches out of ground. There will be no danger of it not growing, or of producing full foliage at the ground. Of course no one would think of planting box without a *line*.

A GREAT FARM.—Several men of wealth in New York, Buffalo, and Chicago (save the Movement, a new paper just started in New York,) have it in contemplation to establish, somewhere in the West, a Leviathan farm, of from 100,000 to 200,000 acres. Their object is to do for agriculture, by the use of combined wealth and the power of machinery, what has been done in the past half century by the railroad and factory to supersede the old stage coach and the spinning wheel. They will organize the vast track into two rival establishments, with a military organization of labor, gigantic machinery, to plough, plant, reap, and render harvests, vast herds of horses, sheep, and cattle of the most select stock, and the culture of fruit and grains on a grand scale.

SMOKING HENS.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer mentions the following novel fact as evidence of the progress of civilization; another class of bipeds has stepped into shoes! how far in the future pantalettes and bonnets lie hid, let no scoffer dare say—"Puss in boots," as every one knows, was all a sham; but, for a certainty, biddy in shoes is no longer a fable. He says:

A friend of ours, boarding in the country, found his hostess one morning busily engaged in making numerous small woollen bags, of singular shape. Upon inquiry, he was informed that they were shoes for hens, to prevent them from scratching. The lady stated that it had been her practice for years to shoe her hens, and so save her garden. These "shoes" (I believe they are not yet patented,) were of woollen, made somewhat in the shape of a fowl's foot, having an opening left sufficiently large to thrust in the foot with ease, after which it is closed with a needle and sewed tightly on, extending about an inch up the leg. Our friend observed that some of the biddies possibly conceited with their new honors, appeared to tread as though walking on eggs—particularly was this the case when, from the width of the shoe, one would conceive that their toes might be a little pinched.

MILK SICKNESS—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.—I noticed some two weeks since, an invitation in your paper to a discussion upon this subject; but as nothing has as yet appeared, I venture to break the silence, and assert at the outset, that the cause is known, and the cure has been tested. I will be as concise as possible, make a few statements, and invite people everywhere to prove the truth of what I say. 1st. The cause is cobalt. No ore in its natural state has ever been discovered that is poison, but cobalt I have never known a man or beast to be affected where this ore is not found. 2nd. The cure is sulphuric acid. I have tried it myself, and seen it tried upon both man and beast, and know it to be efficient.

The above is no hoax—it is the result of my own experience, and proves to my perfect satisfaction the truth of what I assert. Let others test and prove it likewise.—*C. Walker, in Prairie Farmer.*

[Mr. Walker does not say how the sulphuric acid is to be administered—which is an important point. People should be shy of making any experiments with this agent until they know what they are doing, since sulphuric acid is very dangerous to meddle with.—*Ed. Post.*]

Useful Receipts.

TO HARDEN TALLOW.—W. B. P. sends us a timely and valuable recipe, to wit: "The season is at hand when most farmers are feeding a beef creature for domestic use, and sometimes an animal gets so fat as to yield tallow too soft to make good candles. To harden it, beeswax or alum is sometimes put into the melted liquid, but with indifferent results. If you would succeed perfectly, when the tallow is placed in the kettles to 'try,' put in also one pound of alum in the lump to 20 or 30 pounds of tallow, according to the fatness of the animal. I will guarantee an exemption from soft, greasy candles. Try it."—*Exchange Paper.*

HOW TO EXAMINE WELLS.—The following simple mode of examining a well to ascertain whether it contains any offensive substances, has been recommended as efficient:—"Place a common mirror over the well in such a position as to catch and throw the rays of the sun to the bottom of the well, which will be immediately illuminated in such a manner that the smallest pebbles, &c., at the bottom, can be distinctly discerned as if in the hand. The sun is in the best situation to be reflected in the morning or afternoon of the day."

SPRING ROOT BEER.—Take a handful each of yellow dock, dandelion and sarsaparilla roots, sassafras bark, hops, and a little boneset, and boil till the strength is extracted. To three gallons of the liquor, after it is strained, add one quart of molasses, and when cool enough three yeast cakes. Let it stand in a warm place 8 or 10 hours, then strain and bottle. It will be fit for use the next day, if the weather is warm. Another one, milder and more easily made, is the following:

THEOLOGICAL BEER.—To three gallons of water, lukewarm, a small teaspoonful each of the oils of spruce, sassafras and wintergreen, 1 quart molasses, and three yeast cakes. Proceed as with the former. This quantity will fill 15 bottles.

CREAM NECTAR.—Three pounds sugar and three ounces tartaric acid. Pour on them one quart of boiling water; beat together the whites of three eggs and three tablespoons flour, which stir in the mixture when cool enough; boil for five minutes. Do not skim, but stir in the scum when it rises. One bottle extract lemon. When wanted for use take two tablespoonsful to a tumbler of cold water and one-half teaspoon soda.—*Rural New Yorker.*

ANOTHER CURE FOR A FELON.—Noticing a receipt in a late number of your paper, for curing felons, reminded me of one I have which is first-rate. Take red lead, Castile soap of each a tablespoonful; add weak lye sufficient to make a soft salve; apply on the first appearance of the felon.

INFANT'S FOOD.—When it is necessary to feed infants artificially, and cow's milk is used, it should be first boiled, then skimmed, then sweetened a little with sugar, and next a little salt added, not enough to give it a saltish taste: milk thus prepared will not only prevent the indigestion and consequent acidity, flatulence, colic, diarrhœa, &c., from which sucking children suffer so much, but will actually cure them. A hearty infant will swallow, during the first year of its life, fourteen hundred pounds of milk, in which are twenty-one pounds of cheese, thirty pounds of butter, and a hundred and twelve pounds of sugar. At six cents a quart, with the necessary sweetening, each "dear" little creature costs, for food alone, fifty dollars for the first year.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ Infinite as are the varieties of life, so manifold are the paths to saintly characters; and he who has not found out how, directly or indirectly, to make everything converge towards his soul's sanctification, has as yet missed the meaning of this life.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 2, 17, 7, 15, 11, is a lake in North America.
My 4, 12, 21, 15, is a river in Italy.
My 6, 8, 11, 10, is a celebrated volcano.
My 8, 20, 21, 8, 4, is a county in Michigan.
My 10, 5, 6, 7, 19, 9, 10, is an island in Polynesia.
My 12, 2, 8, 11, 13, is a river in Central Europe.
My 14, 6, 11, 8, 9, 3, is a gulf in Europe.
My 16, 8, 5, 4, is a town in Peru.
My 18, 7, 6, 11, 1, 15, 21, is the capital of one of the Middle States.
My 20, 11, 8, 15, 21, is a river in Vermont.
My 17, 12, 4, 15, is a mountain in Asia.
My 21, 15, 7, 18, 2, is a cape on the coast of South America.

My whole is one of the most interesting events in the pages of modern history.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 11, 14, 24, 16, is much used in cooking.
My 18, 32, 6, is much used by soap makers.
My 1, 20, is a river in Virginia.
My 17, 22, 26, 23, 2, 13, was a son of Leda.
My 10, 22, 27, 30, is a portion of the Western Continent.
My 21, 29, 15, is much used by novel writers.
My 19, 3, is a girl's nickname.
My 4, 28, 12, is a vegetable.
My 7, 8, 5, 6, is a river in Great Britain.
My 9, 31, 11, none of us like.

My whole were two celebrated works of antiquity.

YOUNG AMERICA.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 4, 1, 2, 9, 18, 6, was a nymph of the Aricinian grove.
My 8, 4, 14, 19, 7, 2, was a city of Tuscany.
My 12, 2, 17, 4, 14, was the goddess of Corn.
My 14, 2, 15, 12, 5, 10, 15, 18, 14, was Queen of Assyria and wife of Ninus.
My 8, 7, 19, 9, 16, was goddess of Flowers.
My 2, 11, 20, 10, was a town of Sicily.
My 15, 6, 9, 14, was the god of War.
My 19, 9, 13, 19, 3, is a celebrated Hunter, changed after death into the constellation of that name.
My 15, 18, 7, 19, is a famous wrestler who carried an ox the distance of a furlong.

My whole is the name of a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary War. C. C. WICK.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* is here, and Christmas cheer
Is seen in your splendid home,
The parlor is light, the fire is bright,
The Christmas tree has come.

Through the half closed blind a little child
Looks in at the beautiful tree,
With a heavy sigh, and a tear in his eye,
My *second* he longs to be.

An Orphan is he on the stormy sea,
In my *third* his father was lost;
His mother too's gone, now weary and lone,
He over life's billows is tossed.

Perched on a thorn, from night till morn,
My *whole* sighs alone her sad fate;
Her sorrowful song the echoes prolong,
And tell of man's passion and hate.

MARA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In three syllables combined
A nickname you will find.
My first a wet, unwholesome place,
My second and third is oft in a race.

TRANSPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.

Erase my 1, 5, 7, and I become a substance scraped from linen.

Erase my 1, 2, 6, 7, and transpose, and I become a metal.

Erase my 1, 2, 3, 4, and I become a weight, transpose, and I am an adverb.

Erase my 1, 4, 5, and I become a wild animal.

Erase my 1, 4, 5, 7, and transpose, and I become a fluid.

My whole is a county in New York.

Champlain, N. Y. J. M. B., Jr.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Saw nothing.	No I add it.
Run! Bigamy hog.	In Game.
My one.	The wig.

Alleghany Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a piece of land in the form of a trapezium, whose 4 sides are: from the first to the second corner 104 perches; from the second to the third corner 204 perches; from the third to the fourth corner 195 perches; and from the fourth to the first corner (or beginning) 85 perches. The diagonal across the tract from the first to the third corner measures 49 perches longer than the other diagonal from the second to the fourth corner. And these two diagonals are running at right angles with each other. The area of said tract is requested.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a female of the canine species, suckling her whelps, like a philosophic principle. Ans.—Because she is a dogma (*dog-ma*).

☞ If old Nick were to lose his tail, where should he go to supply the deficiency. Ans.—To a gin palace, because there they *re-tail* bad spirits.

☞ Why is a lady patting on her corsets like a man who drinks to drown his grief. Ans.—Because in *re-lacing* herself she is getting *tight*.

☞ What three authors would you name in commending on an extensive conflagration? Ans.—Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA—Antlia Pneumatica and Corvus. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Napoleon Bonaparte. CHARADE—Guard House. CHARADE—Mississippi (Sim-sis-sip-pi). ANAGRAMS—Denmark, Crimea, Long Island, Ganges, Delhi, White Sea, Salem, New Ireland, Delaware, Utah. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—345 acres and 96 perches. The second side being 384 perches, and the whole hypothenuse 480 perches.

☞ The fact that a nation is growing, is God's own charter of change.—*Beecher.*